

THE
AMERICAN MUSEUM,
OR
REPOSITORY

OF ANCIENT AND MODERN

FUGITIVE PIECES, &c.

PROSE AND POETICAL.

For MARCH, 1787.

..... *"With sweetest flow'rs enrich'd,
"From various gardens cull'd with care."*

* * * * *
..... *"Collecta revirescent."*

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N.DCC.LXXXVIII.

Friendly monitions for America.

PEOPLE of America! let the example of all the nations which have preceded you, and especially that of the mother country, instruct you! Be afraid of the affluence of gold, which brings with luxury the corruption of manners, and contempt of laws! Be afraid of too unequal a distribution of riches, which serves a small number of citizens in wealth, and a great number in misery—whence arises the insolence of the one, and disgrace of the other. Guard against the spirit of conquest. The tranquility of empire decreases, as it is extended. Have arms for your defence, but have none for offence. Seek ease and health in labour; prosperity in agriculture and manufactures; strength in good manners and virtue. Make the sciences and arts prosper, which distinguish the civilized man from the savage. Especially watch over the education of your children.

It is from public schools, be assured, that skilful magistrates, disciplined and courageous soldiers, good fathers, good husbands, good brothers, good friends, and honest men, come forth. Wherever we see the youth depraved, the nation is on the decline. Let LIBERTY have an immovable foundation in the wisdom of your constitutions: and let it be the cement which unites your states, which cannot be destroyed. Establish no legal preference in your different modes of worship. Superstition is every where innocent, where it is neither protected, nor persecuted. And **MAY YOUR DURATION BE, IF POSSIBLE, EQUAL TO THAT OF THE WORLD.—RAYNAL.**

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM,

For MARCH, 1787.

COMMON SENSE.

By Mr. PAYNE.

(Concluded.)

PART IV. *Of the present ability of America, with some miscellaneous reflections.*

I Have never met with a man either in England or America, who hath not confessed his opinion, that a separation between the two countries would take place one time or other : and there is no instance in which we have shewn less judgment, than in endeavouring to describe what we call the ripeness or fitness of the continent for independence.

As all men allow the necessity of the measure, and vary only in their opinion of the proper time, let us, in order to remove mistakes, take a general survey of things, and endeavour, if possible, to find out the very time. But I need not go far. The enquiry ceases at once : for the time hath found us. The general concurrence—the glorious union of all things, prove the fact.

It is not in numbers, but in unity, that our strength lies : yet our present numbers are sufficient to repel the force of all the world. The continent hath at this time the largest disciplined army of any power under heaven : and is just arrived at that pitch of strength, in which no single colony is able to support itself, and

the whole, when united, are able to do any thing. Our land force is more than sufficient : and as to navy affairs, we cannot be insensible that Britain would never suffer an American man of war to be built, while the continent remained in her hands. Wherefore, we should be no forwarder an hundred years hence, in that branch, than we are now : but the truth is, we should be less so, because the timber of the country is every day diminishing.

Were the continent crowded with inhabitants, her sufferings, under the present circumstances, would be intolerable. The more sea-port towns we had, the more should we have both to defend and to lose. Our present numbers are so happily proportioned to our wants, that no man need be idle. The diminution of trade affords an army : and the necessities of an army create a new trade.

Debts we have none : and whatever we may contract on this account, will serve as a glorious memento of our virtue. Can we but leave posterity with a settled form of government, an independent constitution of it's own, the purchase at any price will be cheap. But to expend millions for the sake of getting a few vile acts repealed, and routing the present ministry only, is unworthy the charge, and is using posterity with

with the utmost cruelty ; because it is leaving them the great work to do, and a debt upon their backs from which they derive no advantage. Such a thought is unworthy a man of honour, and is the true characteristic of a narrow heart and a peddling politician.

The debt we may contract doth not deserve our regard, if the work be but accomplished. No nation ought to be without a debt. A national debt is a national bond : and when it bears no interest, is in no case a grievance. Britain is oppressed with a debt of upwards of one hundred and forty millions sterling, for which she pays upwards of four millions interest. And as a compensation for her debt, she has a large navy. America is without a debt, and without a navy ; but for the twentieth part of the English national debt, could have a navy as large again. The navy of England is not worth at this time more than three millions and a half sterling.

No country on the globe is so happily situated, or so internally capable of raising a fleet as America. Tar, timber, iron, and cordage are her natural produce. We need go abroad for nothing. Whereas the Dutch, who make large profits by hiring out their ships of war to the Spaniards and Portuguese, are obliged to import most of the materials they use. We ought to view the building a fleet as an article of commerce, it being the natural manufacture of this country. 'Tis the best money we can lay out. A navy, when finished, is worth more than it cost ; and is that nice point in national policy, in which commerce and protection are united. Let us build ; if we want them not, we can sell, and by that means replace our paper currency with ready gold and silver.

In point of manning a fleet, peo-

ple in general run into great errors ; it is not necessary that one fourth part should be sailors. The Terrible privateer, capt. Death, stood the hottest engagement of any ship last war, yet had not twenty sailors on board, though her complement of men was upwards of two hundred. A few able and social sailors will soon instruct a sufficient number of active landmen in the common work of a ship. Wherefore, we never can be more capable to begin on maritime matters than now, while our timber is standing, our fisheries blocked up, and our sailors and shipwrights out of employ. Men of war, of seventy and eighty guns, were built forty years ago in New-England ; and why not the same now ? Ship-building is America's greatest pride, and that, in which she will in time excel the whole world. The great empires of the east are mostly inland, and consequently excluded from the possibility of rivaling her. Africa is in a state of barbarism ; and no power in Europe hath either such an extent of coast, or such an internal supply of materials. Where nature hath given the one, she has withheld the other ; to America only hath she been liberal of both. The vast empire of Russia is almost shut out from the sea ; wherefore, her boundless forests, her tar, iron, and cordage are only articles of commerce.

In point of safety, ought we to be without a fleet ? We are not the little people now, which we were sixty years ago. At that time we might have trusted our property in the streets, or fields rather, and slept securely without locks or bolts to our doors and windows. The case now is altered : and our methods of defence ought to improve with our increase of property. A common pirate, twelve months ago, might have come up the Delaware, and laid the city of Philadelphia under instant contribution

contribution for what sum he pleased; and the same might have happened to other places. Nay, any daring fellow in a brig of 14 or 16 guns, might have robbed the whole continent, and carried off half a million of money. These are circumstances which demand our attention, and point out the necessity of naval protection.

Some, perhaps, will say; that after we have made it up with Britain, she will protect us. Can we be so unwise as to mean, that she shall keep a navy in our harbours for that purpose? Common sense will tell us, that the power which hath endeavoured to subdue us, is, of all others, the most improper to defend us. Conquest may be effected under the pretence of friendship; and ourselves, after a long and brave resistance, be at last cheated into slavery. And if her ships are not to be admitted into our harbours, I would ask how is she to protect us? A navy three or four thousand miles off, can be of little use—and, on sudden emergencies, none at all. Wherefore, if we must hereafter protect ourselves, why not do it for ourselves? why do it for another?

The English list of ships of war, is long and formidable: but not a tenth part of them are at any one time fit for service—numbers of them not in being. Yet their names are pompously continued in the list, if only a plank is left of the ship: and not a fifth part of such as are fit for service, can be spared on any one station at one time. The East and West Indies, Mediterranean, Africa, and other parts over which Britain extends her claim, make large demands upon her navy. From a mixture of prejudice and inattention, we have contracted a false notion respecting the navy of England, and have talked as if we should have the whole of it to encounter at once; and for that

reason, have supposed, that we must have one as large; which not being instantly practicable, an argument has been drawn from thence, and made use of by a set of disguised Tories, to discourage our beginning thereon. Nothing can be further from truth than this: for if America had only a twentieth part of the naval force of Britain, she would be by far an overmatch for her: because as we neither have nor claim any foreign dominion, our whole force would be employed on our own coast, where we should, in the long run, have two to one the advantage of those who had three or four thousand miles to sail over, before they could attack us, and the same distance to return in order to resist and recruit. And although Britain by her fleet hath a check over our trade to Europe, we have as large a one over her trade to the West Indies, which, by lying in the neighbourhood of the continent, lies entirely at its mercy.

Some method might be fallen on, to keep up a naval force, in time of peace, if we should not judge it necessary to support a constant navy. If premiums were to be given to merchants to build and employ in their service, ships mounted with twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty guns; the premiums to be in proportion to the loss of bulk to the merchant: fifty or sixty of those ships, with a few guardships on constant duty, would keep up a sufficient navy, and that without burdening ourselves with the evil so loudly complained of in England, of suffering their fleets, in time of peace, to lie rotting in the docks. To unite the sinews of commerce and defence, is sound policy: for when our strength and our riches play into each other's hand, we need fear no external enemy.

In almost every article of defence we abound. Hemp flourishes even to rankness, so that we need not want

want cordage. Our iron is superior to that of other countries. Our small arms are equal to any in the world. Cannon we can cast at pleasure. Saltpetre and gun powder we are every day producing. Our knowledge is hourly improving. Resolution is our inherent character, and courage hath never yet forsaken us. Wherefore, what is it that we want? why is it that we hesitate? From Britain we can expect nothing but ruin. If she is once admitted to the government of America again, this continent will not be worth living in. Jealousies will be always arising; insurrections will be constantly happening; and who will go forth to quell them? who will venture his life to reduce his own countrymen to a foreign obedience? The difference between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, respecting some unlocated lands, shews the insignificance of a British government, and fully proves, that nothing but continental authority can regulate continental matters.

Another reason, why the present time is preferable to all others, is, that the fewer our numbers are, the more land there is yet unoccupied, which, instead of being lavished by the king on his worthless dependents, may be hereafter applied, not only to the discharge of the present debt, but to the constant support of government. No nation under heaven hath such an advantage as this.

The infant state of the colonies, as it is called, so far from being against, is an argument in favour of independence. We are sufficiently numerous, and were we more so, we might be less united. 'Tis a matter worthy of observation, that the more a country is peopled, the smaller their armies are. In military numbers the ancients far exceeded the moderns: and the reason is evident: for trade being the consequence of population, men may become too

much absorbed thereby to attend to any thing else. Commerce diminishes the spirit both of patriotism and military defence. And history sufficiently informs us, that the bravest achievements have always been performed in the nonage of nations. With the increase of commerce, England has lost its spirit. The city of London, notwithstanding its numbers, submits to continued insults with the patience of a coward. The more men have to lose, the less willing are they to venture. The rich are in general slaves to fear, and submit to courtly power with the trembling duplicity of a spaniel.

Youth is the seed time of good habits as well in nations as in individuals. It might be difficult, if not impossible, to form the continent into one government half a century hence. The vast variety of interests occasioned by an increase of trade and population would create confusion. Colony would be against colony. Each being able, would scorn each others assistance: and while the proud and foolish gloried in their little distinctions, the wise would lament that the union had not been formed before. Wherefore, the present time is the true time for establishing it. The intimacy which is contracted in infancy, and the friendship which is formed in misfortune, are of all others the most lasting and unalterable. Our present union is marked with both these characters: we are young, and we have been distressed: but our concord hath withstood our troubles, and fixes a memorable era for posterity to glory in.

The present time, likewise, is that peculiar time which never happens to a nation but once, viz. the time of forming itself into a government. Most nations have let slip the opportunity, and by that means have been compelled to receive laws from their conquerors,

conquerors, instead of making laws for themselves. First they had a king, and then a form of government : whereas, the articles or charter of government should be formed first, and men delegated to execute them afterwards : but from the errors of other nations, let us learn wisdom, and lay hold of the present opportunity—*To begin government at the right end.*

When William the conqueror subdued England, he gave them law at the point of the sword ; and until we consent that the seat of government in America be legally and authoritatively occupied, we shall be in danger of having it filled by some fortunate ruffian, who may treat us in the same manner, and then, where will be our freedom ? where our property ?

As to religion, I hold it to be the indispensable duty of government, to protect all conscientious professors thereof ; and I know of no other business which government hath to do therewith. Let a man throw aside that narrowness of soul, that selfishness of principle, which the niggards of all professions are so unwilling to part with, and he will be delivered of his fears on that head. Suspicion is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society. For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe, that it is the will of the Almighty, that there should be diversity of religious opinions among us. It affords a larger field for our christian kindness. Were we all of one way of thinking, our religious dispositions would want matter for probation : and on this liberal principle, I look on the various denominations among us, to be like children of the same family, differing only in what is called their christian names.

In a former page, I threw out a few thoughts on the propriety of a continental charter (for I only

presume to offer hints, not plans,) and in this place I take the liberty of re-mentioning the subject, by observing, that a charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into, to support the rights of every separate part, whether of religion, personal freedom, or property. A right reckoning makes long friends.

In a former page, I likewise mentioned the necessity of a large and equal representation ; and there is no political matter which more deserves our attention. A small number of electors, or a small number of representatives, are equally dangerous. But if the number of the representatives be not only small, but unequal, the danger is increased. As an instance of this, I mention the following ;, when the associators' petition was before the house of assembly of Pennsylvania, twenty eight members only were present : all the Bucks county members, being eight, voted against it, and, had seven of the Chester members done the same, this whole province had been governed by two counties only, and this danger it is always exposed to. The unwarrantable stretch, likewise, which that house made in their last sitting, to gain an undue authority over the delegates of the province, ought to warn the people at large, how they trust power out of their own hands. A set of instructions for the delegates were put together, which, in point of sense and business, would have dishonoured a school-boy : and after being approved by a few, a very few without doors, were carried into the house, and there passed in behalf of the whole colony. Whereas, did the whole colony know, with what ill-will that house hath entered on some necessary public measures, they would not hesitate a moment to think them unworthy of such a trust.

Immediate

Immediate necessity makes many things convenient, which, if continued, would grow into oppressions. Expedience and right are different things. When the calamities of America required a consultation, there was no method so ready, or, at that time, so proper, as to appoint persons from the several houses of assembly for that purpose; and the wisdom with which they have proceeded, hath preserved this continent from ruin. But as it is more than probable, that we shall never be without a congress, every well-wisher to good order, must own, that the mode of choosing members for that body, deserves consideration. And I put it as a question to those who make a study of mankind, whether representation and election is not too great a power for one and the same body of men to possess? When we are planning for posterity, we ought to remember, that virtue is not hereditary.

It is from our enemies that we often gain excellent maxims, and are frequently surprised into reason by their mistakes. Mr. Cornwall (one of the lords of the treasury) treated the petition of the New-York assembly with contempt, because *that* house, he said, consisted but of twenty-six members, which trifling number, he argued, could not with decency be put for the whole. We thank him for his involuntary honesty.

To conclude—however strange it may appear to some, or however unwilling they may be to think so, matters not: but many strong and striking reasons may be given, to shew that nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously, as an open declaration of independence. Some of which are,

First—it is the custom of nations, when any two are at war, for some other powers, not engaged in the quarrel, to step in as mediators, and bring about the preliminaries of a

peace: but while America calls herself the subject of Great Britain, no power, however well disposed she may be, can offer her mediation.—Wherefore, in our present state, we may quarrel on for ever.

Secondly—it is unreasonable to suppose, that France or Spain will give us any kind of assistance, if we mean only to make use of that assistance for the purpose of repairing the breach, and strengthening the connexion between Britain and America; because, those powers would be sufferers by the consequences.

Thirdly—while we profess ourselves the subjects of Britain, we must, in the eye of foreign nations, be considered as rebels. The precedent is somewhat dangerous to their peace, for men to be in arms under the name of subjects: we on the spot can solve the paradox; but to unite resistance and subjection, requires an idea much too refined for common understandings.

Fourthly—were a manifesto to be published, and dispatched to foreign courts, setting forth the miseries we have endured, and the peaceable methods we have ineffectually used for redress—declaring, at the same time, that, not being able to live happily or safely, under the cruel disposition of the British court, we had been driven to the necessity of breaking off all connexions with her—at the same time, assuring all such courts of our peaceable disposition towards them, and of our desire of entering into trade with them—such a memorial would produce more good effects to this continent, than if a ship were freighted with petitions to Britain.

Under our present denomination of British subjects, we can neither be received nor heard abroad. The custom of all courts is against us, and will be so, until, by an independence, we take rank with other nations.

These proceedings may at first appear

pear strange and difficult, but, like all other steps which we have already passed over, will in a little time become familiar and agreeable: and until an independence is declared, the continent will feel itself like a man who continues putting off some unpleasant business from to day day, yet knows it must be done, hates to set about it, wishes it over, and is continually haunted with the thoughts of it's necessity.

Evil consequences of party spirit—necessity of moderation in political characters—in party contests, public good sacrificed to private views.

THE spirit of party is a spirit of enmity; and whether politics, or religion, philosophical opinions, or family feuds, have called it into existence—it has always been hostile to the peace, and obnoxious to the virtue of mankind. At different periods it has unfurled the standard of civil war, and unsheathed the two-edged sword of persecution; but at all times, when it has prevailed, the private peace of society has been disturbed, and domestic felicity interrupted by it.

If a real and unfeigned zeal for the welfare of their country, operating upon different principles, warmed the bosoms of public men; if a genuine spirit of patriotism animated every one whose abilities or situation in life had raised him to the legislative dignity;—their contests would have but one object—which would be the public good;—and though there would, nay there must, be a frequent difference in opinions, yet neither artifice nor malevolence would be employed in the support of them.—The victorious party would not be insolent with success, nor would those who failed, retire from the conflict pale with disappointment, and growling forth revenge. But as

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this, I fear, is rather the vision of a fanciful mind, than a true and faithful representation of any thing which does or will exist; we must suffer it, though perhaps reluctantly, to pass away, and apply to less pleasing realities for assistance in our reasoning upon the subject.

If then the spirit of party be a spirit of violence, it does not require any great sagacity to determine, that reason and the cool suggestions of deliberative wisdom can have little connexion with it. Passion and prejudice will be its prevailing directors; and that they will ever lead it to good, must depend upon accident, and is rather the object of our idle wishes, than of any rational expectation. It might, however, be reasonably imagined, that violence opposed to violence would soon find an end—but, like the wandering tribes of Arabia, when driven away by superior power, or having exhausted all the produce of its local habitation, it shifts its ground, and goes in search of another spot, where it may luxuriate in plenty. Power may for a time, and in particular cases, give a check to the flames of opposing faction; but, on the first supply of fuel, the slumbering embers will rekindle with more than redoubled fury. Here then the utility, and even necessity, of a moderating power, appears with irresistible evidence; not only to prevent public dissensions from continuing their mischief, but to avail itself of them in such a manner as to produce good—when the contending parties become wearied with contention; when the same subjects have been considered, and the same arguments supported even to satiety; when, sore with alternate scourgings, they languish for repose, (and this will sometimes happen) a favourable opportunity presents itself for men of moderation to enforce some salutary measure, and to effectuate,

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tuate,

tuatc, if possible, some general, comprehensive plan for the service of their country.

The man of party is a man of violence, and sees every thing through a medium tinged with prejudice. The man of moderation is a man of reason, and deliberates before he determines to act. The measures of the former, arising from the force of passion, are hasty, inconsiderate, and frequently injurious to the cause he means to serve; while those of the latter, being the result of a wise and calm survey of what he is about to do, in all its connexions and consequences, are decisive and effectual.—

The one acts upon the narrow ground of private cabal, or rests his power on the weak basis of partial association; while the other listens not to any cabal, nor turns his attention to any man or set of men whatever, but deliberates without prejudice, and determines from his own mature judgment. The man of party is ever on the wing, always hurried and easily inflamed, catching at every opportunity to declare his opinions, and using every means to enforce them; while the man of moderation is never inattentive to his duty, though he is not always in the actual exercise of it:—he never steps forth to action, but when the occasion demands his services—at such a season, with an independent spirit and a calm dignity, he comes forward, secure of an useful and commanding influence.



Thoughts on mobs—comparison between those in America and those in Great Britain—causes of popular discontents—not peculiar to the present times.

IT is not a little mortifying to a patriot, to hear people of sense and property, repine at the turbulence of the times, and wish their persons and estates were in some

other country, where they could be secure in tranquillity. Such people either have weak nerves, or never read history. Let a person who wishes to transfer his property to Great Britain, reflect a moment on the comparative situation of the two countries. In America, mobs are sometimes noisy, and stop courts. In Great Britain, they are riotous, and pull down houses. In England or Ireland, a man is liable, in the most peaceful times, to be robbed at noon-day. In America, any man is safe at midnight, in the largest cities, and surrounded with a Hampshire convention or a Worcester mob.

But I will make no further remarks myself. I will transcribe, for the benefit of weak minds, who think popular tumults are confined to this country, the following passage from sir William Temple's works.

“One cause of popular discontents, is a certain restlessness of thought, which seems universally and inseparably annexed to our very natures and constitutions, unsatisfied with what we are, or what we at present possess and enjoy, still craving after something past or to come, and by griefs, regrets, desires, or fears, ever troubling and corrupting the pleasures of our senses, and of our imaginations, the enjoyment of our fortunes, or best productions of our reason, and thereby the content and happiness of our lives.

“Such is the true, natural, and common source of such personal dissatisfactions, such domestic complaints, and such popular discontents, as afflict not only our private lives, conditions, and fortunes, but every rank and degree in civil states and governments, and thereby consummate the particular and general infelicity of mankind, which is enough complained of by all—that consider it in the common actions and passions of life, but much more in the factions, seditions,

seditions, convulsions, and fatal revolutions, that have so frequently, and in all ages, attended most or all of the governments in the world.

"This restless humour, so general and natural to mankind, is a weed that grows in all soils, and under all climates; but seems to thrive most and grow fastest in the best.

"There is no theme so large and so easy, no discourse so common and so plausible, as the faults or corruptions of government, the miscarriages or complaints of magistrates; none so easily received and spread among good and well-meaning men; none so mischievously raised and employed by bad men, nor to worse and more disguised ends. No governments, no times, were ever free from them, nor ever will be, till all men are wise, good, and easily contented. [Mark this, ye weak-nerved Americans, who supposed that independence and good constitutions would enable you to slumber away life on feather beds. As well may you expect American climates to be exempted from storms, as that our states will be free from factions and tumults, which are incident to all societies on earth.]

"The common sort of people always find fault with the times: and some must always have reason: for the merchant gains by peace, and the soldier by war; the shepherd by wet seasons, the ploughman by dry: when the city fills, the country grows empty: and while trade increases in one place, it decreases in another, and both cannot succeed alike.

"There is one universal division in all states, between those who are contented with what they possess, or what they expect from their abilities, industry, and frugality, and those, who, dissatisfied with what they have, and not trusting to those innocent ways of acquiring more, must fall to others, and pass from just to unjust, from peaceable to violent."

*A word of consolation for America—thoughts on the present times—not so gloomy as generally supposed—necessity of enlarging the powers of congress.**

My dear friends,

WHY those four faces, and gloomy countenances? "Is there not a cause?"—you reply. "The taxes are heavy—money is scarce—the times distressing; and likely to grow worse." Likely to grow better, if our own folly do not prevent it. There is no reason for despondency. Can't you look back a few years to the midst of the war, when you bore greater distresses with patience and manly fortitude? What supported you then? Hope to see peace, and secure independence. And are not your hopes realized? We have obtained a glorious peace, and sit quietly under our vines and fig trees. Does this give you no satisfaction, and excite no gratitude to heaven? And do you still murmur and complain?

"But oh! the immense public debt." Not immense—not greater than you had reason to expect—a moderate price, which you would have bid, without hesitating a moment, ten years ago, for freedom from the hand of oppression and arbitrary power, which forbade you to call any thing your own. Why are you cast down, when you have weathered the storm, and made your port? You need not fear to look the public debt full in the face. It is not so very formidable. The resources of America are sufficient to cancel it soon enough. Don't expect it to be done in a day, or a year. You are shaking the burden from your shoulders by degrees. Great part of our certificates are already redeemed and burned:

NOTE.

* Published in Boston.

burned: and the rest will be constantly reducing by taxes, and the sale of lands. The public lands are an amazing resource, which will afford us great relief. We shall have hardy, industrious emigrants, without number, to purchase and till the unappropriated lands, to increase our manufactures, and help to pay our public debts.

The path, my friends, to political felicity and salvation, is very plain. 'Tis true, we blundered sometimes in the war, but by the blessing of kind providence, got through it. We have erred, greatly erred, since, by extravagant importations and consumption of foreign goods, a great part of them mere gew-gaws and needless trumpery. This has taken away a good deal of our money, which we now want, to carry on business, and pay our taxes. We are smarting for this extravagance and folly; and it is best we should feel the lashes of this rod, which we have made for our backs, till it hath taught us the most important and necessary lessons of frugality and industry. Bought wit is often best, and abides longest. However, the evils we suffer by this error, are working their own remedy. People are making a virtue of necessity. They purchase fewer superfluities: they increase their own manufactures; and are becoming more industrious and frugal. My observation convinces me it is so with many, and I hope and believe it will grow more general. This, connected with what our legislatures must, and I conceive will, soon do, cannot fail to give us increasing relief and comfort. Measures are taking, and I hope will be carried into full effect, to revive public credit, from various causes sunk low. This, once done, will in a great measure remove the distresses we feel for want of a more plentiful medium.

Congress must be vested with larger powers—powers to carry into effect their requisitions, and fully to regulate commerce. That power which is not efficient, is really no power at all. The fair annual election of members of congress, is a sufficient guard against the abuse of such power. They can have no interest separate from that of the people at large, as they yearly quit their seats, and return into private life. When congress have plenary power to support the national faith and honour, by wise measures—to do justice to foreign and domestic creditors—to regulate trade, without being counteracted by any partial adjustments of particular states,—then commerce will flourish; all nations will seek to trade with us; we shall have a ready market, and a good price, for whatever we have to part with. Articles for exportation will increase rapidly. Money will be largely imported, and will become plenty. Exorbitant interest will be at an end. All branches of business will be brisk, lively and gainful; taxes will grow less, as the public debt diminishes.

You feel dull and ill natured about the expences of government, and the monies which are, and must be raised, to pay the civil list. But, my friends, this would not put you out of temper, if you had looked into the matter with any degree of precision, and not taken your sentiments from noisy, envious, and disappointed persons. This will produce a tax hardly to be felt, when we have wiped off the public debt. You think public officers have too large pay. It is possible some of them may have; though the safety and reputation of a people require that those whose time and abilities are devoted to the public service, should be well supported: otherwise, we shall soon lose men of the best abilities out of government: and the political machine,

chine, for want of better and stronger hands to move and guide it, will become slow, weak, and irregular, in all its motions. But if you could prune and pare down the salaries of public officers, as low as any man, but a mere niggard, could wish, it would not (I speak from examination and calculation) lessen the expence more than threepence annually on the single poll, in this and the other states. And can this, then, be so great a grievance?

Most of the grievances, which make you murmur, want only to be examined with a candid, honest heart, and a small share of fortitude and patience; your countenances would change, and you would be recovered from fits of spleen. You will find infinite advantage by adopting the following advice of an honest, cheerful fellow-citizen.

Keep a good conscience and a peaceful mind. Study no tricks or schemes to defraud any person, your creditors in particular. If you can't answer their demands, so soon as you and they could wish, let them see that you mean honestly, and that you are industrious and frugal; and you will find very few, who will not treat you with tenderness and forbearance. And you that are creditors, be careful to shew such a disposition towards your debtors. Plead for justice in government towards the creditors of the public: many of them suffer extremely; and will suffer patiently, if they see no schemes on foot designed to defraud them. Believe it a maxim of everlasting truth, that righteousness exalteth a nation. You must see, if you don't shut your eyes against the fullest evidence, that government have carried their tenderness and concern towards debtors, public and private, to a great length; perhaps too far, in some instances. By this means the public debt is lessening in the easiest way that can

consist with honour and integrity in government. Don't you pay many of your taxes by orders and public securities, which you obtain at forty, fifty, or sixty per cent. discount? This discount falls as real loss somewhere. Are you so selfish as to have no pity on those who sustain it, among whom are many poor soldiers, widows, and orphans? Will you murmur when they are silent, though you are eased at their expence?

Lay your plan every year, to make such daily savings in your expences, and to gain so much, by vigorous exertions in the way of honest industry, as shall enable you seasonably to pay your taxes. They who judiciously lay such plans, and keep them in their eye, and endeavour every day and week, to be in the execution of them, will not fail, unless prevented by some special providence; in which case, justice and humanity, in their fellow-citizens, will not fail to secure them indulgence or abatements.

Let every day bear the marks of the three following political virtues, always good, and at present indispensibly necessary—industry, frugality, and œconomy. These will perform wonders—these will work out your salvation. Are they painful and self-denying? You will find them very little so, when you have once entered heartily into the practice of them. They will rather improve than diminish the health of your bodies—the peace of your minds—and every laudable enjoyment. Ye farmers, look over your lands, and see what parts may be cultivated to more advantage,—how you can raise more grain and flax,—keep more cows and sheep,—fat more cattle,—sell more beef and pork, and other articles of produce. Study agriculture; carry it to the greatest perfection. It is the basis of our wealth; of manufactures; and of all gainful commerce. Gentlemen and ladies, old and young, look over

over your expences and manner of living. You will shew the truest and most reputable patriotism, by retrenching superfluities. Cast an eye back frequently, upon the plain, cheap and frugal manner, in which your worthy and pious ancestors lived, a century ago. Need we be ashamed, in this difficult day, to conform more to it than we do? Yea, would it not be to our honour? Don't murmur at, or envy those, who you see are able to pay their taxes seasonably, and at the same time to live in what is called, a more fashionable stile than you. Perfect equality, as to property, can never take place, even in the most popular governments. Could it be brought about to day, a thousand things, which nothing but omnipotence could effect, would be necessary to continue it for a year, consistently with the natural rights and liberties of mankind, under any form of government, which allowed any such thing as private property. Some always did, and always will obtain more money than others, from numerous causes too obvious to be mentioned. There is a greater equality in this country than in almost any other; and it may continue if it be not our own fault: few freeholders need cease to be so, unless by influence of pride, indolence and luxury.

Be jealous of your privileges: but let not your jealousy grow into ill-natured and groundless suspicions. Attend not to the complaints and murmurs of factious, discontented persons; for some such will be found in all communities. Seek the redress of real grievances, if any such you have, in a constitutional way, and not by mobs and riots: by these you will lose more time, and money, and good temper, than can be compensated by all their influence. Be careful not to anticipate, by an anxious apprehensive temper, troubles which may never come. Those best consult

their own happiness, as well as the good of society, who study to be quiet, and to attend to their own proper business. Don't be uneasy at the continuance of public burdens, as if they could be removed in a day or a year. Time and patience, with a proper line of conduct, will daily lessen them, till they be all done away.

The sentiments—the consolation—and the line of conduct expressed above, I have adopted, believing them to be dictated by reason, and the complexion of the times. I am no legislator—hold no office under government—nor ever shall. I have realized what many professed a willingness to submit to, at the beginning of the war—the loss of near half the small property I had. I consider it as an honourable sacrifice to the cause of liberty, and of my country, and bear it patiently. I am, and always expect to be, in private, and low life. I feel high satisfaction in the freedom and independence of America; and doubt not of its growing prosperity and welfare, if the conduct which I have slightly suggested, is gone into by the people in general; which is accordingly recommended with earnestness and affection, by

An honest cheerful citizen,



LETTER III.

On American manufactures—necessity of encouraging them—the idea, that trade will regulate itself, proved to be fallacious—conduct of Britain in this respect—a country situated as America is, must be poor, without manufactures—asspersions on the mechanics refuted—objections answered.

ONE of the greatest obstructions to the settling and establishing manufactures, in this country, is the natural propensity of mankind to be governed by old habits and prejudices

ces. To endeavour to meliorate or after these, and to awaken the public mind to proposed amendments, must, at any time, be considered an arduous and important task. Our attachments to what we have been long accustomed to, produce a kind of second nature, a lethargic indifference, or rather disinclination to any change, however salutary in prospect. The mere sound of words, in some cases, is also possessed of a strange magical influence, and in the present subject, discovers a strong operative power, particularly in the following sentences: "A free trade with all the world. British goods exceed all others in quality. Mechanics will take advantage, if manufactures are established in this country. It is cheaper to import. The country is too young," &c. These maxims have an astonishing influence on a people in our situation. They excite our attention, and affect our passions and prejudices.

But when the evils we feel and complain of, are of such magnitude, as to involve consequences the most serious and alarming—when the question is, whether we shall place ourselves on a foundation that will secure our commercial, as well as political independence—whether we shall make use of the materials and advantages, which our natural situation affords us?—It becomes the duty of every friend to the welfare and prosperity of his country, to contribute his mite, however small, towards removing those old inveterate prejudices, which prove a hindrance to the prosecution of an object pregnant with such manifold advantages to the rising greatness of these states.

It would be too sanguine in me, to expect to convince every individual, or to silence every noisy conceited demagogue, who may delight to declaim against mechanics. My endeavours shall be directed to make,

if possible, an impression upon the people at large; to remove the wrong bias in favour of foreign manufactures; and to correct the vicious taste we have been contracting for many years. To this I am urged, not by any desire to shine as an author, but to be useful to my country, as a citizen: being convinced that to begin, at this juncture, the establishment of manufactures, will be the only way to lay a foundation for the future glory, greatness, and independence of America.

A free trade is a constitutional privilege, and a great blessing, when we have goods, wares, and merchandise of our own, to carry on such a trade. But this is not our situation: for we cannot boast of much besides the produce of our land, such as corn, tobacco, rice, indigo, &c. Let us attend to what the great Montesquieu says of a country thus circumstanced: "This state, wanting all, can acquire nothing; wherefore, it would be much better for the inhabitants not to have the least commerce with any nation upon earth: for commerce in those circumstances, must necessarily lead them to poverty." We now experience the truth of this great politician's assertion. America, from one end to the other, pressingly feels it.

A state whose balance of trade is always to its disadvantage, cannot expect to grow rich; but we are told by some, "trade will regulate itself:" if so, why do the wisest and most prosperous governments make laws in favour and support of their trade? if trade regulates itself, why does the British parliament employ so much time and pains in regulating their trade, so as to render its advantages particularly useful to their own nation? Why so preposterous as to abide by, and enforce, their boasted navigation act? But so far is trade from regulating itself, that it continually

tinually needs the help of the legislature of every country, as a nursing father. If we Americans do not choose to regulate it, it will regulate us, till we have not a farthing left in our land. Trade, like an helpless infant, requires parental care, and to be well looked after: for, says the same excellent author, "a country that constantly exports fewer manufactures or commodities than it receives, will soon find the balance sinking; it will receive less and less, till, falling into extreme poverty, it will receive nothing at all." The truth is, trade regulates or corrects itself, just as every thing else does, that is left to itself. The manner the late war, for instance, would have corrected itself, had we supinely sat still, and folded our arms together, would have been such a correction, as I hope no person who makes use of this flimsy argument, would wish to have taken place; and unless we shortly regulate and correct the abuses of our trade by lopping off its useless branches, and establishing manufactures, we shall be corrected, perhaps even to our very destruction.

Let me address you, ye guardians of the community!—ye legislators of the state!—let me solicit your serious attention to the deplorable condition of your country, to the evils impending on your constituents, to the ruinous decline of their commerce, to the gloomy prospects on every side, to the wretched situation of a country without money, without credit, and without manufactures; and may your patriotic wisdom devise some efficacious means to relieve us from those embarrassments and calamities which threaten our ruin!

As to the superior quality of British goods, I would admit it in some instances; I have not an eye to their entire prohibition; but they ought not, however excellent they may be,

to prevent the encouragement of our own manufactures, which from this time ought to rise in our estimation; so much the more as we are sensible of their want and usefulness.

Should a fresh war break out, which providence forbid, we shall be apt to execrate that folly which could make us prefer the manufactures of any country, at the expence of entirely neglecting our own.

But it is surmised, that the mechanics will take advantage, and raise the price of their labour, if they should obtain laws favourable to their design. As this is thought to be a weighty objection, if not unanswerable, I shall endeavour to obviate it. I am acquainted with respectable bodies of mechanics, who have authorised me to declare that they have no such views or intentions; that they do not mean to raise their prices, to act like extortioners, or to ask an exorbitant rate for such articles as they may make. They mean to be equitable in their charges: and they hope the legislature will afford them that protection they are entitled to: for as the present baleful system of trade, and scarcity of cash, occasion numbers of them to want employment, though they are able and ready to furnish many articles which are at present imported—and as many of their branches are fast declining, and some are likely to become totally extinct, they conceive that duties ought to be laid on certain imported articles, in such a manner as to place the American manufacturers on the same footing as the manufacturers of Europe, and enable them to procure bread and support for their families.

Should the indulgence of the legislature be abused, they have power competent to withdraw that indulgence: and their wisdom will enable them to judge properly of the duty requisite to be laid upon each article.

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An excessive duty might be only an encouragement to the smuggler to risque his property; and in case he should, with much difficulty would he escape; as it would be the interest of a large body of people to detect him. On the other hand, let the duties be only so high as to enable the manufacturer to procure a decent subsistence for his family. We shall then find him employed in making many articles which were before imported. He will enlarge the sphere of his business, get more hands to work, and take more apprentices. If, with all these advantages in his favour, he should be so imprudent as to raise his prices, the interference of the legislature may take off the duty. The articles will then be imported, and he will be in the same situation as before. But the probability is, that instead of raising his prices, he will, in proportion to the increase of his business, and the extensive sale of his goods, be enabled to work at a more reasonable rate. Such has been the issue of similar measures pursued by the wisest and most flourishing nations in the old world.

It is notwithstanding objected that the mechanics cannot be trusted; that they will certainly take advantage whenever it is in their power; and to prove this, we are referred to our situation during the late war. We all know that the medium of trade, at that time, was in a fluctuating state; that mechanics (and even speculators sometimes) were not able, in their prices, to keep pace with the depreciation; it was an hour of trial and difficulty, in which many a man knew not what to ask, or how to act respecting his labour. Let the worst be said, it is evident, if mechanics may be stigmatized as extortioners, they were not alone. They had many among the merchants and landlords to keep them company.

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There are many circumstances that make the case extraordinary, and there is no knowing the disposition of a man from his conduct during this period, as every one entertained different ideas of the value of money. But if a fear that mechanics will take advantages, is a sound reason against promoting the manufactures of our country, then must such a thing never take place; the same reason may be urged against the measure, whenever it is agitated, at a future day. It is happy for the mechanics in America, that they have met with the protection and encouragement of government, in several of the wisest states. I hope they will meet the same throughout the union; be considered as useful citizens adding real strength to the community, and worthy of confidence; and therefore placed on a footing with the mechanics of Europe.

It is well known there are interested men, and some whose thoughts never extended beyond themselves to promote the welfare of the people in general, who are apt to entertain but a mean opinion of working, laborious people. It is to be wished that this was not the case in our state, since our constitution and form of government know of no subordination in professions; all are placed as near an equality in political privileges as possible. Strange then that any should be found, and those among the number of professed patriots, who are ready to treat mechanics with contempt, as though they were too inconsiderable for notice; whereas, if the truth were known, these mushroom patriots are themselves the immediate descendants of mechanics, or perhaps lower, even from the most humble and obscure walks of life.

But it is superfluous to combat the whims and fancies of the selfish
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and conceded. Every enlightened mind must see the necessity of promoting our own manufactures, in preference to all others in the world. It will encourage the industrious, and employ the emigrants who may visit our country; it will work up our raw materials, than which, nothing can be more profitable. It is a known calculation, that the difference between the value of raw materials, and that of the same materials manufactured, is as one to four: that is, one million pounds value of raw materials, will, with labour, produce four millions. It was this which made the American colonies heretofore so valuable to England. We sent them raw materials, which employed their people, and increased their wealth in an unexampled manner.

A plain, but real friend to America.



Present situation of affairs.

THE citizens of America must soon arouse from their dreams, or they will awake the subjects of a despot.

They fought gloriously, and displayed the greatest wisdom, until they established independence: but since the peace, an indecisive spirit, a sleepy jealousy, a blind avarice, and little local prejudices, have so benumbed and darkened the heads of many members of the legislatures, in different states, as to cast a shade round the national glory. Hence it is, that congress are still destitute of power to regulate commerce, and to form a system of finance. From this source flow numberless evils. Hence the old enemy, Britain, insults us by keeping our forts contrary to treaty, and aims to destroy our trade in every quarter. This is the source of public poverty, and produces general discontent: and this tends to a change of government.

The people ought to reflect often, and very seriously on this tendency : and they may assure themselves that many, very many wish to see an emperor at the head of our nation. And unless the states very soon give to congress the necessary powers to regulate trade, and to form a system of finance, for the support of national credit, such an event may take place suddenly. It may not be at the distance of one short year. Let us act like men, and give power to congress, who are our representatives ; for if we do not, a despot may take power, and use it as he pleases without our controul.

Many people in power, in some of the states, think we are perfectly safe from such an event, therefore pursue only narrow state policy—regardless of the great national concerns. But, I could tell them alarming truths, which at present I shall not mention. Enough hath been told, and if the states continue in the road of error a little longer, it will be unnecessary to tell them of danger—for they may see and feel the effects of their folly.



Letter from Mr. Shaw, agent for the
owners of the ship *Empress of China*,
in her voyage to Canton, addressed
to John Jay, esq.

New York, May 19, 1785.

THE first vessel that has been fitted out by the inhabitants of America, for essaying a commerce with those of China, being, by the favour of heaven, safely returned to this port, it becomes my duty to communicate to you, for the information of the fathers of the country, an account of the reception their citizens have met with, and the respect with which their flag has been treated, in that distant region ; especially as some circumstances have occurred, which had a tendency to attract the attention

attention

attention of the Chinese to a people of whom they have hitherto had but very confused ideas, and which served in a peculiar manner to place the Americans in a more conspicuous point of view, than has commonly attended the introduction of other nations in that ancient and extensive empire.

The ship employed on this occasion, is about three hundred and sixty tons burden, built in America, and equipped with forty three persons, under the command of John Green, esq. The subscriber had the honour of being appointed agent for their commerce, by the gentlemen at whose risque this first experiment has been undertaken.

On the 22d of February, 1784, the ship sailed from New York, and arrived the 21st of March at St. Jago, the principal of the cape de Verd islands. Having paid our respects to the Portuguese viceroy, and, with his permission, taken such refreshments as were necessary, we left those islands on the 27th, and pursued our voyage. After a pleasant passage, in which nothing extraordinary occurred, we came to anchor in the straits of Sunda, on the 18th of July. It was no small addition to our happiness on this occasion, to meet there two ships belonging to our good allies, the French. The commodore, M. d'Ordelin, and his officers, welcomed us in the most affectionate manner; and his own ship being immediately bound to Canton, he gave us an invitation to go in company with him. This friendly offer we most cheerfully accepted: and the commodore furnished us with his signals, by day and night, and added such instructions for our passage though the Chinese seas, as would have been exceedingly beneficial, had any unfortunate accident occasioned our separation. Happily, we pursued our route together.

On our arrival at the island of

Macao, the French consul for China, mons. Vieillard, with some other gentlemen of his nation, came on board to congratulate and welcome us to that part of the world, and kindly undertook the introduction of the Americans to the Portuguese governor. The little time that we were there, was entirely taken up by the good offices of the consul, the gentlemen of his nation, and those of the Swedes and imperialists, who still remained at Macao. The other Europeans had repaired to Canton. Three days afterwards, we finished our outward-bound voyage. Previous to coming to anchor, we saluted the shipping in the harbour, with thirteen guns, which were returned by all the commodores of the European nations, each of whom sent an officer to compliment us on our arrival. These visits were returned by the captain and supercargoes, in the afternoon; who were again saluted by the respective ships, as they finished their visit. When the French sent their officers to congratulate us, they added to the obligations we were under to them, by furnishing men, boats, and anchors, to assist us in coming to safe and convenient moorings. Nor did their good offices stop here. They furnished us with part of their bankfall, and insisted, that, until we were settled, we should take up our quarters with them at Canton.

The day of our arrival at Canton, August 30, and the two following days, we were visited by the Chinese merchants, and the chiefs and gentlemen of the several European establishments. The Chinese were very indulgent towards us. They stiled us the new people: and when by the map, we conveyed to them an idea of the extent of our country, with its present and increasing population, they were highly pleased at the prospect of so considerable a market

market for the productions of theirs.

The situation of the Europeans at Canton is so well known, as to render a detail unnecessary. The good understanding commonly subsisting between them and the Chinese, was in some degree interrupted by two extraordinary occurrences, of which I will with your permission, give a particular account.

The police at Canton is at all times extremely strict: and the Europeans, residing there, are circumscribed with a very narrow limits. The latter had observed with concern some circumstances which they deemed an encroachment on their rights. On this consideration, they determined to apply for redress to the hoppo, who is the head officer of the customs, the next time he should visit the shipping. Deputies accordingly attended from every nation: and I was chosen to represent our's. We met the hoppo on board an English ship; and the causes of complaint were soon after removed.

The other occurrence, of which I shall beg leave to take notice, gave rise to what was called the Canton war, which threatened to be productive of very serious consequences. On the 25th of November, an English ship, in saluting some company that had dined on board, killed a Chinese, and wounded two others, in the mandarine's boat along-side. It is a maxim of the Chinese law, that blood must answer for blood: in pursuance of which, they demanded the unfortunate gunner. To give up the poor man, was to consign him to certain death. Humanity pleaded powerfully against the measure. After repeated conferences between the English and the Chinese, the latter declared themselves satisfied, and the affair was supposed to be entirely settled. Notwithstanding this, on the morning after the last conference (the 27th), the su-

percargo of the ship was seized, while attending his business; thrown into a sedan chair; hurried into the city; and committed to prison.

Such an outrage on personal liberty spread a general alarm: and the Europeans unanimously agreed to send for their boats, with armed men, from their shipping, for the security of themselves and property, until the matter should be brought to a conclusion. The boats accordingly came, and ours among the number; one of which was fired on, and a man wounded. All trade was stopped, and the Chinese men of war drawn up opposite the factories. The Europeans demanded the restoration of Mr. Smith, which the Chinese refused, until the gunner should be given up. In the mean time, the troops of the province were collecting in the neighbourhood of Canton—the Chinese servants were ordered by the magistrates to leave the factories—the gates of the suburbs were shut—all intercourse was at an end—the naval force was increased—many troops were embarked in boats, ready for landing—and every thing wore the appearance of war.

To what extremities matters might have been carried, had not a negotiation taken place, no one can say. The Chinese asked a conference with all the nations, except the English. A deputation (in which I was included for America) met the fuen, who is the head magistrate of Canton, with the principal officers of the province. After setting forth, by an interpreter, the power of the emperor, and his own determination to support the laws, he demanded that the gunner should be given up, within three days, declaring that he should have an impartial examination before their tribunal, and if it appeared that the affair was accidental, he should be released unhurt. In the mean time, he gave permission for

for the trade, (excepting that of the English) to go on as usual; and dismissed us with a present of two pieces of silk to each, as a mark of his friendly disposition.

The other nations, one after another, sent away their boats, under protection of a Chinese flag, and pursued their business as before. The English were obliged to submit—the gunner was given up—mr. Smith was released—and the English, after being obliged to ask pardon of the magistracy of Canton, in presence of the other nations, had their commerce restored.

On this occasion, I am happy that we were the last who sent off our boat, and that without a Chinese flag: nor did she go till the English themselves thanked us for our concurrence with them, and advised the sending her away. After peace was restored, the chief and four English gentlemen visited the several nations, (among whom we were included), and thanked them for their assistance during the troubles. The gunner remained with the Chinese, his fate undetermined.

Notwithstanding the treatment we received from all parties was perfectly civil and respectful, yet it was with peculiar satisfaction that we experienced, on every occasion, from our good allies, the French, the most flattering and substantial proofs of their friendship. "If," said they, "we have, in any instance, been serviceable to you, we are happy: and we desire nothing more ardently than further opportunities to convince you of our affection."

We left Canton, the 27th of December, and, on our return, refreshed at the cape of Good Hope, where we found a most friendly reception: after remaining there five days, we sailed for America, and arrived in this port the 11th inst.

To every lover of his country, as well as those more immediately concerned in commerce, it must be a pleasing reflection, that a communication is thus happily opened between us and the eastern extreme of the globe: and it adds very sensibly to the pleasure of this reflection, that the voyage has been performed in so short a time, and with the loss of only one man. To captain Green and his officers every commendation is due, for their unwearied and successful endeavours, in bringing it to this most fortunate issue, which fully justifies the confidence reposed in them by the gentlemen concerned in the enterprise.

Permit me, sir, to accompany this letter with the two pieces of silk, presented to me by the viceroy of Canton, as a mark of his good disposition towards the American nation. In that view, I consider myself as peculiarly honoured, in being charged with this testimony of the friendship of the Chinese for a people, who may in a few years prosecute a commerce with the subjects of that empire, under advantages equal, if not superior, to those enjoyed by any other nation whatever.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SAMUEL SHAW.

The honourable the minister of the united states for foreign affairs.

Mr. Jay laid this letter, and the two pieces of silk mentioned in it, before congress. They were pleased to return the silk to mr. Shaw, and ordered mr. Jay to inform him, "that they felt a peculiar satisfaction in the successful issue of that first effort of the citizens of America, to establish a direct trade with China, which did so much honour to its undertakers and conductors."

Letter

Letter from the hon. Thomas Jefferson, esquire, minister plenipotentiary at the court of Versailles from the united states, to the hon. John Jay, esquire, minister of foreign affairs, at New York, dated May 27, 1786.

AS to the article of tobacco, which had become an important branch of remittance to almost all the states, I had the honour of communicating to you my proposition to the court, to abolish the monopoly of it in their farms; that the count de Vergennes was, I thought, thoroughly sensible of the expediency of the proposition, and disposed to befriend it; that the renewal of the lease of the farms had been suspended six months, and was still in suspense; but that so powerful were the farmers-general, &c. that I despaired of preventing the renewal of the farm at that time. Things were in this state, when the marquis de la Fayette returned from Berlin. On communicating to him what was on the carpet, he proposed to me a conference with some persons well acquainted with the commercial system of this country. We met. They proposed the endeavouring to have a committee appointed to enquire into the subject. The proposition was made to the count de Vergennes, who befriended it, and had the marquis de la Fayette named a member of the committee: he became, of course, the active and truly zealous member for the liberty of commerce—others, though well disposed, not choosing to oppose the farm openly. This committee has met from time to time. It shewed an early and decisive conviction, that the measures taken by the farm, to put the purchase of their tobacco into the same monopoly on that side of the water, as the sale of them was on this, tended to the annihilation of commerce between the two countries.

Various palliatives were proposed

from time to time. I confess that I met them all with indifference, my object being a radical cure of the evil, by discontinuing the farm, and not a mere assuagement of it, for the present moment, which, rendering it more bearable, might lessen the necessity of removing it totally, and, perhaps, prevent that removal.

In the mean time, the other branches of the farm rendered the renewal of the lease necessary, and it being too far advanced to have the article of tobacco separated from it, and suspended, it was signed in March, while I was in England, with a clause, which is usual, that the king may discontinue it when he pleases, on certain conditions.

When I returned, I found here a memorial from the merchants of l'Orient, complaining of their having six thousand hogheads of tobacco on hand, and of the distresses they were under, from the loss of this medium of remittance. I enclosed it to the count de Vergennes, and asked his interference. I saw him on the 23d inst. and spoke to him on the subject. He told me there was to be a committee held the next day at Berni, the seat of the comptroller-general, and that he would attend himself to have something done. I asked him if I was to consider the expunging that article from the farm, as desperate? He said that the difficulty of changing so ancient an institution was immense; that the king draws from it a revenue of twenty nine millions of livres; that an interruption of this revenue, at least, (if not a diminution), would attend a change; that their finances were not in a condition to bear even an interruption, &c. Incidents enough will arise to keep this object in our view, and to direct the attention to it, as the only point on which the harmony of the two countries (so far as this article of their commerce may influence), will ultimately

ultimately find repose. The committee met the next day.

The only question agitated, was how best to relieve the trade under its double monopoly. The committee found themselves supported by the presence and sentiments of the count de Vergennes. They therefore resolved, that the contract with Mr. Morris, if executed on his part, ought not to be annulled here; but that no similar one should ever be made hereafter; that, so long as it continued, the farmers-general should be obliged to purchase from twelve to fifteen thousand hogheads of tobacco a year, over and above what they should receive from Mr. Morris, from such merchants as should bring it in French or American vessels, on the same conditions contracted with Mr. Morris; providing, however, that where the cargo shall not be assorted, the prices shall be thirty eight, thirty six, and thirty four livres, for the first, second, and third qualities of which soever the cargo may consist. In case of dispute about the quality, specimens are to be sent to the council, who will appoint persons to examine and decide on it. This is, indeed, the least bad of all the palliations which have been proposed: but it contains the seeds of perpetual trouble.

It is very easy to foresee that the farmers will multiply difficulties and vexations on those who shall propose to sell to them by force; and that these will be making perpetual complaints; so that both parties will be kept on the fret.—If, without fatiguing the friendly dispositions of the ministry, this should give them just so much trouble as may induce them to look to the demolition of the monopoly as a desirable point of rest, it may produce a permanent as well as temporary good. This determination of the committee needs the king's order to be carried into effect.

I have been in hourly expectation of receiving official information that it is ultimately confirmed by him, but as yet it is not come, and the post will set out to-day. Should it arrive in time, I will enclose it. Should it not arrive, as I do not apprehend any danger of its being rejected, or even altered materially (seeing that M. de Vergennes approved it, and M. de Calonne acquiesced) I have supposed you would wish to be apprised of its substance, for a communication of which I am indebted to the M. de la Fayette. Though you cannot publish it formally, till you know it is confirmed by the king, yet an unauthoritative kind of notice may be given to the merchants, to put them on their guard; otherwise the merchants here, having the first knowledge of it, may, by their agents, purchase up all the tobaccos they have on hand at a low price, and thus engross to themselves all the benefit.

In a late letter, I mentioned that the rice of Carolina, compared with that of the Mediterranean, was better and dearer. This was my own observation, having examined both in the shops here, where they are retailed. Further enquiries give me reason to believe, that the rice of Carolina, on its arrival, is fouler and cheaper; and that it is obliged to be cleaned here before it is saleable; that this advances the price, but at the same time the quality also, beyond that of the Mediterranean. Whether the trouble of this operation discourages the merchant, or the additional price the consumer—or whether the merchants of Carolina have not yet learned the way to this market—I cannot tell. I find, in fact, that but a small proportion of the rice consumed here, is from the American market: but the consumption of this article here is immense. If the makers of American rice would endeavour

endeavour to adapt their preparation of it to the taste of this country, so as to give it over the Mediterranean rice the advantage of which it seems susceptible, it would very much increase the quantity for which they may find sale. As far as I have been able to find, it is received here on a favourable footing.

I have the honour to be, &c.



Letter from mons. de Calonne, comptroller-general of the finances of France, to mr. Jefferson, minister plenipotentiary of the united states of America.

Fontainebleau, October 22, 1786.

S I R,

AS it is the intention of the king to favour the commerce of the united states, as much as possible, I have the honour to communicate to you the measures that have been taken on this subject.

By a letter of the ninth of January, 1784, to the marquis de la Fayette, I informed him that instead of two free ports, promised by the treaty with the united states, the king had determined to grant them four. I gave him hopes, at the same time, that I would direct my attention to the custom-houses, and to the different duties, which are prejudicial to commerce, observing, however, that this object demanded long investigations, which are not yet completed. By another letter, I informed him, that his majesty had suppressed the duties upon the exportation of brandy; and that I expected this suppression would be useful to the American commerce. I promised, in the same letter, that the duties of the admiralty, payable by an American vessel, on her arrival in a French port, should be diminished, and reduced to a single duty, regulated according to the number of masts, and not by the uncertain estimation of

measurement. This reduction requires a perfect knowledge of all the duties paid in our ports: and as they are of different kinds, the statements which I have ordered to be made, are not yet ready.

You know, sir, that the king has appointed a committee for the particular purpose of examining our commercial connexions with the united states, and that the marquis de la Fayette has presented a proposal conformable to the principles contained in your letter to the count de Vergennes: but you will consider how imprudent it would be to expose (by changing the present system), a revenue of twenty-eight millions, upon an article which is not of the first necessity. After long debates, upon the means of encouraging the importation of American tobacco, it has been resolved not to break the contract with mr. Morris, but that after the expiration of this contract, a similar one shall not be made; and that in the mean while, the farmers-general should be obliged to purchase, annually, about fifteen thousand hogsheads of American tobacco, imported from the united states, in French or American vessels, at the same price, and on the same conditions, which have been stipulated by the contract with mr. Morris.

You will remember, sir, that before a regulation could be made in favour of the importation of whale oil, the marquis de la Fayette had made a particular arrangement with mr. Saugrain for the sale of this article, to the amount of 800,000 livres, and that I had given him a passport, in order to render this first importation free from all duties whatsoever. This same mr. Saugrain afterwards made an agreement with some merchants of Boston, to the yearly amount of 400,000 livres, to last during six years, for which his majesty has granted the same favours which

which are enjoyed by the hanse towns.

This matter having been examined more extensively, the administration, to whom was communicated their and your wish for abolishing all duties upon oil, have found that at present they could not consent on account of the engagements made with other powers. All that could be done, was to grant, during ten years, to the whale oil, spermaceti, &c. imported from the united states, in French or American vessels, the same favours, the same diminution of duties, which have been allowed to the hanse towns.

His majesty hopes that the commercial connexions between the united states and France, will become so considerable, as to engage him to continue the effect of this determination: and as it has been observed by the committee, that a great duty of fabrication had been hitherto paid upon the most favoured whale oil, and even upon the national one—his majesty consents to abolish the duty of fabrication with respect to the whale oil and spermaceti directly imported from the united states, in French or American bottoms, so that this oil and spermaceti shall not pay, during ten years, any other duty but seven livres ten sols, and the augmentation of ten sols per livre, which last duty is to cease in 1790.

It has also been determined that particular information be taken concerning the consumption of Carolina rice in France, and that means be devised to encourage the importation of that article.

Representations having been made concerning the considerable duties laid upon pot-ash, and pearl-ash, also upon beaver skins, and hair and raw leather, his majesty has suppressed all duties whatsoever upon those articles, if imported from the united states in French or American vessels.

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The king is likewise anxious to give proper encouragement to every article of American fur.

His majesty has moreover consented to abolish all duties upon masts, yards, knees for shipbuilding, red cedar, green oak, and timber of all kinds, imported from the united states, in French or American vessels.

The committee having represented that a duty was paid in France of five per cent. upon all vessels built in foreign countries, and that this duty was prejudicial to the sale of American ships, his majesty has exempted from all duties the purchase of ships built in the united states of America.

Great duties having been formerly laid upon all shrubs, trees, and seed imported into France, his majesty has abolished those duties, when the above articles shall be imported in French or American vessels, from the united states.

The king having been informed that the state of Virginia had ordered the arms for her militia to be made in France, his majesty has declared, that the prohibitions which have hitherto prevented the exportation of arms and gunpowder, as well as the duties laid upon those articles, when exported by permission, shall be abolished; and that, whenever the united states shall think it expedient to export from France, arms, guns, and gunpowder, they shall find no impediment in the laws of the country, provided those articles be exported in French or American vessels. A very small duty is only to be paid in order to facilitate the calculation of exports.

Lastly: his majesty has received with the same favour, the application made to the committee for the suppression of the heavy duties actually paid upon books and paper of all kinds:

The king abolishes all these duties,
D when

when the above articles shall be exported to the united states in French or American vessels.

It is with great pleasure, sir, that I inform you of the disposition of his majesty. It is a new testimony of his great desire to establish the most intimate commercial connexion between the two nations, and of the favourable attention he will always pay to any proposal made by the united states of America.

I have the honour to be, &c.

DE CALONNE.

P. S. Your nation, sir, will probably receive, with pleasure, the information of the facilities granted to the exportation of the wines of Bourdeaux, Guyenne, and Touraine, and the suppression of the duties granted by different arrêts of council, of which the marquis de la Fayette will give you notice.

*Letter from the hon. P. Van. Berckel, minister plenipotentiary from the united Netherlands, to the united states of America, addressed to secretary Fagel.**

High, noble, and awful lord,

SOON after my arrival in America, I had the honour of acquainting their high mightinesses with a smuggling trade from here to the West-Indies, and which was principally carried on at Surinam.

This is so far from diminishing in any wise that the Americans continue strongly in it even here, inasmuch that where measures are not taken in good earnest for the prevention of these disorders, it seems not an easy thing to set bounds to this enterprising character of the American merchants. But the case is quite other-

NOTE.

* From the Amsterdam courant, of August 22, 1786.

wise in the French and English islands, where they watch, in the strictest manner, against the smuggling trade. And, in like manner, in the Dutch possessions, a double zeal must be promoted.

A few days ago, a vessel arrived here from Surinam, which brings information, that seven American vessels lay there ready to depart the first opportunity for different parts of these states; and so far are they from trying to conceal it, that it is published in most of the news-papers, with the addition of the names of the vessels, and even of the captains.

Smuggling goes on in the same manner at the cape of Good Hope, whither persons are busily equipping vessels; and none of those concerned fear to avow, that they will even push on their navigation further—though this is apprehended to be prejudicial; for the cash being drawn away from them by these enterprizes, there is the uttermost scarcity of money; so that it sufficiently appears that the refuge which is taken, in almost all the states, is to make paper money; although it were to be wished this resource was not taken in hand; since it is the common opinion, that the utmost confusion will be the consequence of this ill-advised measure, whereby many plans will vanish into smoke, and the ruin of many be precipitated.

Wherewith, &c.

P. VAN BERCKEL.

New York, June 6, 1786.

Account of several remarkable springs in Pennsylvania and Virginia, being an extract of a letter from the hon. Benjamin Lincoln, esq. to mr. President Willard.

ON my return to Philadelphia, in the neighbourhood of Reading, I came to the greatest spring of water I had ever seen. It is about fourteen

fourteen feet deep, and one hundred feet square. A full mill-stream issues from it. The water is clear, and full of fishes. To account for this body of water, was my enquiry. I soon found, that it was probably the rising and bursting forth of a very considerable river, which sunk into the ground, and totally disappeared, one mile and a half, or two miles, distant from this place.

In the northern parts of Pennsylvania, there is a creek, called Oil Creek, which empties itself into the Alleghany-river, issuing from a spring, on the top of which floats an oil, similar to what is called Barbadoes tar, and from which may be collected, by one man, several gallons in a day. The troops, in marching that way, halted at the spring, collected the oil, and bathed their joints with it. This gave them great relief from the rheumatic complaints with which they were affected. They drank freely of the waters: they operated as a gentle purge.

There is another spring, in the western parts of Virginia, as extraordinary in its kind as the one just mentioned, called the Burning Spring. It was known a long time to the hunters. They frequently encamped by it, for the sake of obtaining good water. Some of them arrived late one night, and, after making a fire, took a brand to light them to the spring. On their coming to it, some fire dropped from the brand, and, in an instant, the water was in a flame, and so continued, over which they could roast their meat as soon as by the greatest fire. It was left in this situation, and continued burning for three months without intermission. The fire was extinguished by excluding the air from it or smothering it. The water taken from it into a vessel, will not burn. This shews that the fire is occasioned by nothing more than a vapour that ascends from the water,

There are two springs high up on the Potowmack, one of which has about the same degree of heat as blood running from the veins. It is much frequented by people who have lost their health. The waters are drank with freedom, and also serve as a hot-bath, by which much good has been experienced. The other spring, issuing from the same mountain, a little further up, is as remarkable for its coldness as the former for its heat, and differs from common springs in as many degrees.

These accounts I have had from the best authority. General Washington, from whom I had my information, as well as from others, owns the land around the burning spring, which he bought for the sake of it.

The accounts of the other springs I received from a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and of great observation, who lately visited them. He commanded the troops who experienced the benefit of the Oil Spring. He mentioned to me another spring in the south-westerly part of Virginia, which he had not seen, but of which he had received a particular account from gentlemen of character. It is called the Sweet Spring, from the sweetness of the waters, which have been found efficacious in many disorders, and have given relief when every other attempt has proved ineffectual.

To these I may add the great number of salt springs in America, especially on the Ohio, and the rivers which empty into it. There is one spring on the Mississippi, from which salt is made sufficient to supply the whole Illinois country with that article.

An account of West-river mountain, and the appearance of there having been a volcano in it. In a letter from Daniel Jones, esq. of Hindsdale, to the rev. Joseph Willard, president of the university at Cambridge, V. Prof. A. A.

Hindsdale, November 2, 1783.

S I R,

I Received your's of the 18th August last, and observed the contents; and as I am not only willing, but desirous of doing all in my power to aid the literati in their pursuit of knowledge, immediately on receipt of your letter, (although I have often been upon West-river mountain) I repaired there again with the best guides, and thoroughly explored the same.

The mountain is situate about twelve miles north of Massachusetts line, on the east side of, and adjoining Connecticut-river, in the county of Cheshire, and state of New-Hampshire; and opposite the mouth of West-river, from which its name arises.

The mountain, in all its parts, contains about three thousand acres of land, and is very uneven. The south and west ascents very steep: The north and east not so steep, but very ragged.

On the south side of the mountain, about eighty rods from the summit, there has been an eruption, perhaps not within the present, or last century. The peasants, in the neighbourhood of the mountain, discovered this place, and became possessed with the idea of gold dust being in the mountain, and that it melted down into a solid body, by the extreme heat of the mountain, at the time the eruption happened; in consequence of which, they went to work in search of the supposed treasure; and after fruitless searches, formed larger connexions, entered into covenant with the proprietors of the land, and with

one another, to make search for all kinds of mine and mineral. They have dug down about seventy or eighty feet; and in some places where the rocks permit, twenty feet wide; but they are now impeded by the rocks, and the water that comes from the mountain above the hole. The external parts of the hole are entirely rock, and in many places much burnt and softened. There are small holes in various places of the rock, where they dig like the arch of an oven, and the rock seems to be dissolved by heat; the cinders and melted dross adhere to it, and hang down in drops like small icicles, something resembling in colour, the cinders of a furnace, or black glass, and it is so fastened to the rock, that it appears as if it was originally part of the same.

They dig out of the hole near the surface, various strata of earth, or mineral; and in digging a drain, to let out the water, they find a great plenty of the same kind of earth; and as it lies in the ground, the different complexions are very curious to observe: there is a very fine, soft yellow oker, which, burnt, makes a good Spanish brown; there is another stratum, resembling levigated antimony, the particles very soft; another of a faint yellow, fine, soft, and very greasy, which quality is not lost by lying on the surface of the earth, for a long time exposed to the sun and air; there is another that resembles a peach blossom in colour, but the texture more like the oker: and these various minerals, or earths, are not intermixed. At the mouth of the hole, there was blown out melted dross, which stuck to the rocks; and in the hole were found various pieces of stone, which appeared to be dissolved by fire, and the sides of the rock blackened by fire; so that this hole must have been filled up since the eruption took place.

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The miners inform me, that in the morning they frequently observe upon the earth that has been thrown out, something very white, and by touching it with their tongue suppose it to be salt-petre.

In my late search, I went to the top of the mountain, directly above the place where the before-mentioned eruption happened, to see if there was a crater. The peak is small, and there are about twenty rods of ground on the summit (which is rather hollow) where water stands in wet seasons, (as is common in mountainous countries); but no regular crater. The hollow is oblong, and, had there been a great volcano, would have probably been so to the top of the mountain (unless the heat had been so intense as to have dissolved a prodigious ridge of solid rock, about fifty feet to the west of the hole), which forms one side of a large dingle, from the top to the bottom of the mountain, four or five hundred feet perpendicular; where immense quantities of rock have fallen down, occasioned, probably, by explosions in the mountain, or earthquakes. That there have been various explosions in the mountain, is beyond a doubt, and in various places, which have occasioned great quantities of rock and stone to fall from the mountain: but I am inclined to think these explosions are not so frequent as formerly, even fifty years ago; for I am told by ancient people of veracity, who formerly dwelt at fort Dummer (opposite the mountain) that there were frequent explosions, and fire and smoke emitted.

The last explosion that I recollect, happened about five or six years ago; the noise resembled that of an earthquake, and the earth trembled considerably where I was, about four or five miles from the mountain. My herd of cattle were greatly terrified thereby, and ran together through fear.

That there has been something more than a sudden explosion, every one that views it, must be convinced: but that there has ever been a considerable volcano, so as to cause the earth above to fall in, or settle, no one, I presume, will pretend.

I am, sir, &c.

DANIEL JONES.



Curious subterranean discovery.

A Few months ago, a very extraordinary cavern was discovered at a place called by the Indians Sepascoot, on the estate of the miss Rutlens, in Dutchess county, state of New York. A lad passing, by chance, near its entrance, which lies between two huge rocks, on the declivity of a steep hill, on prying into the gloomy recess, saw the top of a ladder, by which he descended about ten feet, and found himself in a subterraneous apartment, more capacious than he then chose to investigate. He found, however, that it had been the abode of persons, who, probably during the war, not daring to be seen openly, had taken shelter there, as bits of cloth, and pieces of leather, were scattered about on the floor. He then left the place, and little more was thought about it, until some weeks ago, when the writer of this account made one of a large party, who went from the seat of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, on purpose to examine it.

We found the entrance much smaller than we had expected, and with some difficulty gained the ladder, by means of which the remaining descent was easy. Two young ladies were with us, who had heroism enough to descend into it. We had six candles with us to scrutinize the recesses of the apartment, where perhaps light, for upwards of five thousand years before, had never gleamed. We found the
cave

cave divided by a narrow passage into two divisions; the first being about seventeen feet in length, and so low, that a child of eight years old could but just walk upright in it; the breadth about eight or ten feet. The second between twelve and fourteen feet in length, but much higher and broader than the first. In this last room we found that three bats had taken up their winter quarters, and hung suspended from the roof, as it were, by the very tips of their wings.

But what makes this cave peculiarly worthy of notice, is the petrifying quality of the water, which, by a gentle oozing, drops from every part of the ceiling, the whole of which exactly resembles a mill-gutter in a frosty morning, with a thousand icicles depending. These concretions are formed by the water, and probably are constantly increasing. They have almost every appearance of icicles, and may be broken off by the hand, if not more than two inches in circumference. They appear of a consistence much like indurated lime, almost transparent, and are all perforated quite through the whole length, with a hole of the size of that in a tobacco pipe, through which aperture the water unremittedly drops, although very slowly. When a person is in the remotest room, and the lights are moved into the first, those pendent drops of water make an appearance more splendid than can well be imagined. Some of those stony icicles have at length reached the bottom of the cave, and now form pillars, some of more than two feet in girth, of the appearance of marble, and almost as hard. They put one in mind of Solomon's Jachin and Boaz—imagination very easily giving them pedestals and chapiters, and even wreathen work.

But what we most admired, was the skeleton of a large snake, turned into solid stone by the petrifying qua-

lity of the water before mentioned. It was with some difficulty torn up with an axe from the rock it lay upon (some of which adheres to it) and is now in the possession of the relater.

We found the inmost recess of this cavern very warm, and felt the want of free air, by difficult respiration, although the candles burnt perfectly clear.

After an abode of near half an hour in this gloomy receptacle, we again revisited the world, and found the laughing fields, and the vivifying sun, tenfold more charming from the contrast we had experienced.



Thoughts on American genius.

THE idea has become prevalent, among the naturalists and literati in Europe, who have written on American subjects, that almost every species of animal and vegetable life has degenerated by being transported across the Atlantic to this country. The learned Jefferson, in his excellent "notes on Virginia," has refuted this hypothesis, with the urbanity of a gentleman, and the accuracy of a scholar, supported by the sound reasoning of a philosopher. His observations, particularly on the writings of the abbe Raynal, and the count de Buffon, relative to America, deserve republication. The time is come to explode the European creed, that we are infantine in our acquisitions, and savage in our manners, because we are inhabitants of a new world, lately occupied by a race of savages.

It cannot, I presume, be ungrateful or unprofitable to our countrymen, to take a review of the illustrious personages, who have signalized themselves, during the revolution, in the several departments of policy, legislation, and war. Though their deeds are well known, on both sides of the ocean, their achievements will probably be better celebrated, and their

their names dearer to posterity, than to their cotemporaries. The little specks which may be visible on their characters, when viewed too near, with too much familiarity, or through the mists of jealousy, will disappear, when they shall be seen through the medium of years, placed at a distance down the long vista of time. A writer, however, merits well of his country, who attempts to give them, while they are yet living, their due share of celebrity. On this occasion, it would be injustice not to recommend to the public, in the strongest terms of approbation, the history of the revolution in the southern states, written by dr. Ramsay, of South Carolina. The judgment and perspicuity with which the facts appear to be selected, do credit to the ability and candour, as the elegant manner in which they are narrated, does to the taste of the author. A history of the war, in the eastern and middle states, is a desideratum earnestly longed for by every genuine patriot. It was once fondly hoped and expected, that general Washington would favour the world at least with commentaries on his campaigns—as he was known to possess ample materials, by having preserved more than forty volumes in folio, replete with copies of public papers. We are informed, and announce it with regret, that his avocations, and other circumstances, have put a period to this expectation. It is devoutly to be wished that some man of genius would assume the task.

The more immediate object of this essay was to remind my countrymen of their capacity for great undertakings, and of the rapid, though, to careless observers, imperceptible progress, that is made in cultivating the fine arts. Genius is the growth of every country. There is no doubt but America may boast an equal proportion with the old world. It is true, patronage and rewards, which

stimulate to the higher degrees of excellence, are different, and indeed much greater in older countries than in our own. For example—the Americans appear to be possessed of peculiarly strong talents for painting. The encouragement, which these talents have met with in Europe, serves to demonstrate the preceding positions.

All the world has heard that mr. West, of Philadelphia, is esteemed one of the first historical painters of the age. Copies of many of his performances, such as the death of Wolf, the return of Regulus, &c. are frequent in this country. At Buckingham-house, one of the British king's palaces, where are kept the famous Cartoons of Raphael, and the works of other celebrated masters, there is a room decorated with six original paintings, the subjects taken from six different nations, and executed in a superior manner by mr. West; who is actually occupied in completing a set of sacred paintings for the king's chapel at Windsor. He will receive ten or twelve thousand guineas for these alone.

Mr. Copley, of Boston, in the same walk of genius, is not spoken of as second to any of the profession. The death of lord Chatham, the catastrophe of Brook Watson, in losing his leg by a shark, and the death of major Pierfon, are considered by connoisseurs in the first class of eminence. He is at present engaged, by the city of London, to paint the destruction of the floating batteries at Gibraltar—This tablet is to be deposited in their Guildhall.

Mr. John Trumbull, of Connecticut, son to the late worthy governor of that name, though junior in age and practice, has exhibited the happiest dispositions, and acquired applause perhaps unequalled at his years. He is employed on a series of historical

historical designs, in which all the principal events of the American war are to be represented. The most favourable opinion is formed of the style of execution, from the specimen he has already given in the battle of Bunker's-hill, and the death of general Montgomery. He is now with mr. Jefferson, in Paris, where these two pieces are to be engraved. There are, besides, three American painters in England, whose pencils are thought to rival the most eminent artists, in other branches. Mr. Taylor, of Philadelphia, in landscape; mr. Stewart, of Rhode Island, and mr. Brown, of Boston, in portrait painting. Nor is empty fame the only reward of their labours. The pecuniary emoluments they receive, are very great.

The age of ultimate refinement in America, is yet to arrive. Candour obliges us to confess that those characters could not have attained the wealth and fame which now lie in prospect before them, had they been confined to their native country. Whenever mankind have obtained a property which yields an annual income more than sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life, they are generally disposed to expend the redundancy in one amusement or another. Happy is it when these amusements contribute rather to ennoble, than degrade the human mind. Some pains ought, therefore, to be taken, to lead the taste of a nation to substitute, instead of the vulgar enjoyments, of cock-fighting, gambling, and tavern-haunting, pleasures of a more refined and innocent nature. An accurate inspection into the employments and morals of the people, will justify the assertion, that much less idleness, gaming, dissipation, drunkenness, and tavern-haunting are now to be found, than existed before the war. The

progress of population, and the increase of wealth, will hereafter, undoubtedly, prove a source and incentive to improvement in music, architecture, gardening, sculpture, and other elegant arts.

Under many disadvantages, and notwithstanding some ungracious insinuations to the contrary, poetry is at present cultivated with no inconsiderable degree of success. Several late American productions, when published in Europe, have been received with merited eclat. Poets, like prophets,* are not without honour, except in their own country, and among their own kindred. An appeal to the bar of critical taste, to decide whether the writings of the poets, now living in Connecticut, are not equal to any which the present age can produce in the English language, may not, perhaps, be deemed to favour of partiality or indiscretion.

The poem of mr. Barlow, entitled, the vision of Columbus, now in the press, from the sketches and plan of its execution, which have been seen, gives the reader of discernment an exalted idea of American genius and refinement. The subject, comprehending the discovery, description, settlement, wars, present state, and future prospects of America, is highly interesting to the citizens of this country. After celebrating the heroes, patriots, philosophers, painters, and other conspicuous characters, the author has bestowed the tribute of praise on the poets of his own age, in such a manner as to evince, that no remains of the rivalry and jealousy, which embittered the bards of former times against each other, exist, in this new world, among the tuneful throng. In proof of this liberality, the following lines are extracted from the poem in question:

To equal fame ascends the tuneful throng,
The boast of genius, and the pride of song:

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Warm'd with the scenes, that grace their various clime,
Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.

With keen-ey'd glance, thro' nature's walks to pierce,
With all the pow'rs and ev'ry charm of verse,
Each science op'ning in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing, and his taste refin'd,
See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand
Hurls the keen darts of satire through the land.
Pride, knav'ry, dulness, feel his mortal stings :
And list'ning virtue triumphs while he sings.
Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no more,
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,
Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain :
The world shall learn them from his deathless strain.

On glory's wing to raise the ravish'd soul,
Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
For daring Dwight the epic muse sublime
Hails her new empire on the western clime;
Fir'd with the themes by seers seraphic sung,
Heav'n in his eye, and rapture on his tongue,
His voice divine revives the promis'd land,
The heav'n-taught leader, and the chosen band.
In Haniel's fate proud faction finds her doom,
Ai's midnight flames light nations to their tomb :
In visions bright, supernal joys are giv'n,
And all the dread futurities of heav'n.

While freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In lore of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre :
That lyre, which erst in hours of dark despair,
Rous'd the sad realms to urge th' unfinish'd war ;
O'er fallen friends with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow ;
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays :
Immortal WASHINGTON with joy shall own
So fond a favourite, and so great a son.

" He that stealeth a man, and selleth
" him, or if he be found in his
" hand, he shall surely be put to
" death." Exodus.

Mr. Printer,

I Should esteem myself obliged if
you publish the following extract
from the letters of Hector St. John.
I believe the circumstance which is
related, to be true. It is impossible
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for a benevolent mind to read of the
torture to which this poor unhappy
negro was exposed, without the ut-
most horror. It is said that his crime
was that of killing the overseer of
the plantation. He might have kil-
led the overseer in his own defence ;
or he might have been provoked to
it by injuries of the most galling and
afflictive nature (which we know to
be too often inflicted by tyrants on
E their

their slaves); by injuries, through which patience itself might have been irritated, and which the uncorrected passions of an African could not in any manner brook. We are told that oppression will make even a wise man mad. But if we were to allow that the negro killed the overseer unjustly, still we must confess that the punishment, to which he was exposed, was inhuman, and far exceeded the crime. If he had been guilty of a deliberate murder, it should have been remembered, however, when he was put to death, that he was a man. There is something diabolical in torture; it begins to be exploded by civilized nations.

It will be said that executions like this are necessary to strike terror into slaves. In answer to which I will observe, that if such executions are necessary, where slavery is practised, it is a forcible argument for the abolition of it. In a case like this, it would be improper, perhaps, to conceive that the murder of the overseer is to be entirely imputed to the negro. Those who originally bought him, or those who detained him in slavery, are partly accountable for his life, and that of the overseer. In short, this custom of enslaving and tyrannising over our fellow-creatures, disgraces us not only as christians, but as men, and lovers of liberty; and makes us, as a nation, condemn ourselves by our own declarations. It is asserted in the declaration of independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If, therefore, we persevere in this wicked practice of tyrannising over others, when we have done so much to rescue ourselves from the hand of oppression, will not the world call us liars and hypocrites?

Was it for this, our oppressors will then say, that half the world was agitated with an eight years war? Was it for this that a hundred thousand men were killed? Should not those among us, I would ask, who encourage and are concerned in this horrid injustice, be avoided as thieves and as murderers? Can we, if we continue it, expect the protection of heaven? Or is it not rather to be supposed, if mankind will pertinaciously adhere to this pernicious and inhuman custom, in defiance of the admonitions of reason and revelation, that God, to use the emphatical language of the prophet, will "come and smite the earth with a curse?"

Extract from "letters from an American farmer," by J. Hector St. John, a farmer in Pennsylvania.

"I Was not long since invited to dine with a planter, who lived three miles from——. To avoid the heat of the sun, I resolved to go on foot, sheltered in a path, leading thro' a pleasant wood. I was leisurely travelling along, attentively examining some peculiar plants which I had collected, when all at once I felt the air strongly agitated, though the day was perfectly calm and sultry. I immediately cast my eyes towards the clear ground, from which I was but a small distance, in order to see whether it was not occasioned by a sudden shower; when at that instant, a sound, resembling a deep rough voice, uttered, as I thought, a few inarticulate monosyllables. Alarmed and surprised, I precipitately looked all around, when I perceived at about six rods distance, something resembling a cage, suspended to the limb of a tree; all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey, fluttering about, and anxiously endeavouring to perch on the cage. Actuated by an involuntary motion of

of my hands, more than by any design of my mind, I fired at them; they all flew to a short distance, with a most hideous noise: when, horrid to think, and painful to repeat, I perceived a negro suspended in a cage, and left to expire! I shudder when I recollect that the birds had already picked out his eyes; his cheek bones were bare; his arms had been attacked in several places, and his body seemed covered with a multitude of wounds. From the edges of the hollow sockets, and from the lacerations with which he was disfigured, the blood slowly dropt, and tinged the ground beneath.

No sooner were the birds flown, than swarms of insects covered the whole body of this unfortunate wretch eager to feed on his mangled flesh, and to drink his blood. I found myself suddenly arrested by the power of affright and terror; my nerves were convulsed; I trembled; I stood motionless, involuntarily contemplating the fate of this negro, in all its dismal latitude.

The living spectre, though deprived of his eyes, could distinctly hear; and in his uncouth dialect begged me to give him some water to allay his thirst. Humanity herself would have recoiled back with horror; she would have balanced whether to lessen such reliefless distress, or mercifully with one blow to end this dreadful scene of agonizing torture! Had I a ball in my gun, I certainly should have dispatched him; but finding myself unable to perform so kind an office, I sought, though trembling, to relieve him as well as I could. A shell ready fixed to a pole, which had been used by some negroes, presented itself to me; I filled it with water, and with trembling hands, I guided it to the quivering lips of the wretched sufferer. Urged by the irresistible power of thirst, he endeavoured to meet it, as he instinctively guessed its ap-

proach, by the noise it made in passing through the bars of the cage. "Tanki, you white man, tanki you, puti some poison, and givi me." How long have you been hanging there? I asked him. "Two days, and me no die; the birds, the birds, aah me!" Oppressed with reflections which this shocking spectacle afforded me—I mustered strength enough to pass away, and soon reached the house, at which I intended to dine. There I heard that the reason for this slave being thus punished, was on account of his having killed the overseer of the plantation. They told me, that the law of self-preservation rendered such executions necessary, and supported the doctrine of slavery with the arguments generally made use of to justify the practice; with the repetition of which I shall not trouble you at present.



Method of hunting the buffalo on the river Mississippi.

THE hunters range themselves in four lines, which form a great square, and begin by setting fire to the grass and herbs, which are dry and very high: then, as the fire gets forward, they advance, closing their lines. The buffaloes, which are extremely afraid of fire, keep flying from it, and at last find themselves so crowded together, that they are generally every one killed. They say that a party seldom returns from hunting without killing fifteen hundred or two thousand. But lest the different parties should hinder each other, they all agree, before they set out, about the places where they intend to hunt. There are some penalties appointed against those who transgress this rule, as well as against those, who, quitting their posts, give way to the beasts to escape. These penalties consist in giving a right to every person to strip those who are guilty.

guilty, to take away even their arms, which is the greatest affront that can be given to a savage, and to pull down their cabins. The chiefs are subject to this penalty, as well as others: and if any were to endeavour to exempt themselves from this law, it would raise a civil war among them, which would not end very soon.

The bull, or buffalo, of Canada, is very large. His horns are low, black, and short. He has a great beard of hair under his muzzle, and a great tuft of hair upon his head, which falls down upon his eyes, and gives him a hideous look. He has a great bump upon his back, which begins at his hips, and goes, increasing, up to his shoulders. This bump is covered with hair, somewhat reddish, and very long. The rest of the body is covered with black wool, which is much valued. They say that the skin of a buffalo has eight pounds of wool on it. This animal has a large chest, the hind parts small, the tail very short, and its neck scarcely visible: but his head is bigger than that of the European bull. He runs away generally at the sight of any person: and one dog is sufficient to make a whole herd take to a full gallop. The buffalo has a good smell: and to approach him near enough to shoot him, without being perceived, you must go with the wind. When he is wounded, he is furious, and turns upon the hunters. His flesh is good: but they seldom eat any but that of the cows, because the others are too tough. As for his skin, there is none better. It is easily dressed: and though very strong, becomes supple, like the best chamois. The savages make shields of it, which are very light, and which a musket ball will not easily pierce.

They find about Hudson's-bay another bull, whose skin and wool are the same with those I have already described. This is what M. Jeremy

says of it: "Fifteen leagues from Danes-river, is the river of seals, so called, because there are many in this place. Between these two rivers, there is a kind of bulls, called musk-bulls, because they have so strong a smell of musk, that, at some certain times, there is no such thing as eating their flesh. These animals have very fine wool, and it is longer than that of the Barbary sheep. It makes finer stockings than silk. These bulls, though smaller than in France, have horns much thicker and longer: their roots join on the crown of the head, and descend by the side of the eyes, almost as low as the throat; afterwards, the end rises up, and forms a kind of crescent. There are some so large, which I have seen, that, being separated from the skull, they weighed, both together, sixty pounds. Their legs are very short, so that the wool drags upon the ground, as they walk; which makes them so deformed, that it is difficult, at a little distance, to know which way the head stands. There are not many of these animals, so that the savages might destroy them, if they kept close to the hunting of them. Besides, as their legs are very short, when there is much snow, they kill them with lances, as they are not able to make any speed."

Speech of miss Polly Baker, before a court of judicature, in Connecticut, wherein she was prosecuted the fifth time for having bastard children.

MAY it please the honourable bench to indulge me in a few words. I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches; nor have I the presumption to expect, that you may, by any means, be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law, in my favour. All I

humbly

humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodness in my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment, for want of money to pay these fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it: but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed—and others bear too hard on the subject in particular instances, and therefore there is left a power somewhere to dispense with the execution of them—I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child.

Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world, at the risque of my life. I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burdening the township, and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things, I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects, in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praiseworthy, rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth; these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the minister or justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding

fee. But, can this be a fault of mine?—I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree, not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, and skill in œconomy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say, I ever refused an offer of that sort: on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour, by trusting to his; for he got me with child, and then forsook me. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county: and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench, and endeavoured to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to mention it; but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages, (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honour and power in that government, that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy!

I shall be told, 'tis like, that were there no act of assembly in this case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion. Is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire; will not that be sufficient? What need is there, then, of your additional fines and whipping? I own, I do not think as you do; for,
if

if I thought what you call a sin, was really such, I would not presumptuously commit it. But, how can it be believed, that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it, by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls?

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine; but if you, gentlemen, must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes, by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in the country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expences of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them, then, by law, either to marry, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What shall poor young women do, whom custom hath forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any—and yet severely punish them, if they do their duty without them—the duty of the first great command of nature, and of nature's God—*increase and multiply*!—A duty from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me; but for its sake, I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace: and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory. *

NOTE.

* This judicious address influen-

Manner of living of the inhabitants of Virginia.

THE gentleman of fortune rises about nine o'clock. He perhaps may make an exertion to walk as far as his stables to see his horses, which are seldom more than fifty yards from his house. He returns to breakfast, between nine and ten, which is generally tea or coffee, bread and butter, and very thin slices of venison ham or hung beef. He then lies down on a pallat, on the floor, in the coolest room in the house, in his shirt and trowsers only, with a negro at his head, and another at his feet, to fan him, and keep off the flies. Between twelve and one, he takes a draught of bombo, or toddy, a liquor composed of water, sugar, rum, and nutmeg, which is made weak, and kept cool. He dines between two and three: and at every table, whatever else there may be, a ham, and greens or cabbage, are always a standing dish. At dinner, he drinks eyder, toddy, punch, port, claret, or Madeira, which is generally excellent here. Having drank some few glasses of wine after dinner, he returns to his pallat, with his two blacks to fan him, and continues to drink toddy or sangaree all the afternoon. He does not always drink tea. Between nine and ten in the evening, he eats a light supper of milk and fruit, or wine, sugar, and fruit, and almost immediately retires to bed, for the night: in which, if it be not furnished with musketoe curtains, he is generally so molested

NOTE.

enced the court to dispence with her punishment, and induced one of her judges to marry her the next day. She ever afterwards supported an irreproachable character, and had fifteen children by her husband.

N. B. Another account says her name was Sarah Olitor.

with

with the heat, and harrassed and tormented with those pernicious insects, the musketoes, that he receives very little refreshment from sleep.

This is the general way of living in his family, when he has no company. No doubt, many differ from it—some in one respect, some in another: but more follow it, than do not.

The lower, and many of the middling classes, live very differently. A man in this line rises in the morning about six o'clock. He then drinks a julp, made of rum, water, and sugar, but very strong. Then he walks, or more generally rides, round his plantation, views all his stock, and all his crop; and breakfasts about ten o'clock, on cold turkey, cold meat, fried homminy, toast and cyder, ham, bread and butter, tea, coffee, or chocolate, which last, however, is seldom used but by the women. The rest of the day he spends much in the manner above described of a man of the first rank; only cyder supplies the place of wine at dinner, and he eats no supper; they never even think of it. The women very seldom drink tea in the afternoon; the men never.

The poor negro slaves alone work hard, and fare still harder. It is astonishing and unaccountable to conceive what an amazing degree of fatigue these poor but happy wretches undergo, and can support. The negro is called up about day-break, and is seldom allowed time enough to swallow three mouthfuls of homminy, or hoe-cake, but is driven out immediately to the field to hard labour, at which he continues, without interruption, until noon: and it is observed, as a singular circumstance, that they always carry out a piece of fire with them, and kindle one just by their work, let the weather be ever so hot and sultry. About noon is the time he eats his dinner:

and he is seldom allowed an hour for that purpose. His meal consists of homminy and salt, and, if his master be a man of humanity, he has a little fat, skimmed milk, rusty bacon, or salt herring, to relish his homminy, or hoe-cake, which kind masters allow their slaves twice a week: but the number of those, it is much to be lamented, is very small; for the poor slave generally fares the worse for his master's riches, which, consisting in land and negroes, their numbers increase their hardships, and diminish their value to the proprietor, the expence precluding an extension of indulgence and liberality.

They then return to severe labour, which continues in the field until dusk in the evening, when they repair to the tobacco-houses, where each has his task in stripping allotted him, which employs him for some hours. If it be found, next morning, that he has neglected, slighted, or not performed his labour, he is tied up, and receives a number of lashes on his bare back, most severely inflicted, at the discretion of those unfeeling sons of barbarity, the overseers, who are permitted to exercise an unlimited dominion over them.

It is late at night before he returns to his second scanty meal, and even the time taken up at it, encroaches upon his hours of sleep. His time for repose and eating never exceeds eight hours in the twenty-four.

But instead of retiring to rest, as it might naturally be concluded he would be glad to do, he generally sets out from home, and walks six or seven miles in the night, be the weather ever so sultry, to a negro dance, in which he performs with astonishing agility, and the most vigorous exertions, keeping time and cadence, most exactly, with the music of a banjor, (a large hollow instrument with three strings), and a quaqua (somewhat resembling a drum), until

til he exhausts himself, and scarcely has time, or strength, to return home before the hour he is called forth to toil next morning.

When he sleeps, his comforts are equally miserable and limited; for he lies on a bench, or on the ground, with only an old scanty single blanket, and not always even that, to serve both for his bed and his covering. Nor is his clothing less niggardly and wretched, being nothing but a shirt and trowsers, made of coarse, thin, hard, hempen stuff, in the summer, with the addition of a sordid woollen jacket, breeches, and shoes, in the winter.

The female slaves fare, labour, and repose, just in the same manner: even when they breed, which is generally every two or three years, they seldom lose more than a week's work thereby, either in the delivery, or suckling the child.

In submission to injury and insults, they are likewise obliged to be entirely passive, nor dare any of them resist, or even defend himself against the whites, if they should attack him without the smallest provocation; for the law directs a negro's arm to be struck off, who raises it against a white person, should it be only in his own defence, against the most wanton and wicked barbarity and outrage.

Yet notwithstanding this degrading situation, and rigid severity to which fate has subjected this wretched race, they are certainly devoid of care, and actually appear jovial, contented, and happy. Fortunate it is indeed for them, that they are blessed with this easy, satisfied disposition of mind; else human nature, unequal to the weight, must sink under the pressure of such complicated misery and wretchedness.

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Indians indifferent about dying.

AN Indian meets death, when he approaches him in his hut,

with the same resolution he has often faced him in the field. His indifference relative to this important article, which is the source of so many apprehensions among almost every other nation, is truly admirable. When his fate is pronounced by his physician, and it remains no longer uncertain, he harangues those about him with the greatest composure.

If he is a chief and has a family, he makes a kind of funeral oration, which he concludes by giving to his children such advice for the regulation of their conduct, as he thinks necessary. He then takes leave of his friends, and issues out orders for the preparation of a feast, which is designed to regale those of his tribe that come to pronounce his eulogium.

After the breath is departed, the body is dressed in the same attire it usually wore whilst living; his face is painted, and he is seated in an erect posture, on a mat or skin placed in the middle of the hut, with his weapons by his side. His relations being seated round, each harangues in turn the deceased; and if he has been a great warrior, recounts his heroic actions, nearly to the following purport, which, in the Indian language, is extremely poetical and pleasing:

"You still sit among us, brother. Your person retains its usual resemblance, and continues similar to ours, without any visible deficiency, except that it has lost the power of action. But whither is that breath flown, which a few hours ago sent up smoke to the Great Spirit? Why are those lips silent, that lately delivered to us so expressive and pleasing language? Why are those feet motionless, that a short time ago were swifter than the deer on yonder mountains? Why useless hang those arms that would climb the tallest tree, or draw the roughest bow? Alas! every part of that frame, which we lately beheld

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beheld with admiration and wonder, is now become as inanimate as it was three hundred winters ago. We will not, however, bemoan thee, as if thou wast for ever lost to us, or that thy name would be buried in oblivion; thy soul yet lives in the great country of spirits, with those of thy nation that are gone before thee; and though we are left behind, to perpetuate thy fame, we shall one day join thee. Actuated by the respect we bore thee whilst living, we now come to tender to thee the last act of kindness it is in our power to bestow: that thy body might not lie neglected on the plain, and become a prey to the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air, we will take care to lay it with those of thy predecessors who are gone before thee; hoping, at the same time, that thy spirit will feed with their spirits, and be ready to receive ours, when we also shall arrive at the great country of souls."

In short speeches, somewhat similar to this, does every chief speak the praises of his departed friend. When they have so done, if they happen to be at a great distance from the place of interment appropriated to their tribe, and the person dies during the winter season, they wrap the body in skins, and lay it on a high stage built for this purpose, or on the branches of a large tree, till the spring arrives. They then carry it, together with all those belonging to the same nation, to the general burial-place, where it is interred with some ceremonies that I could not discover.

Portrait of dr. Franklin. By the marquis Chastellax.

THE illustrious and amiable character of doctor Franklin, is far beyond my praise. To have known him—to have been a frequent witness to the distinguished acts of

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his great mind—to have been in a situation to learn and to admire his comprehensive views and benevolent motives—to have heard the profound maxims of wise philosophy, and sound politics, drop from his lips with all the unaffected simplicity of the most indifferent conversation—to have heard him deviate from the depths of reason, and adapt instructive discourse to the capacity and temper of the young and gay—to have enjoyed, in short, the varied luxuries of his delightful society, is a subject of triumph and consolation, of which nothing can deprive me. He, too, as well as the envious and interested enemies of his transcendent merit, must drop from off the scene: but his name, *vere perennius*, is inscribed in indelible characters on the immortal roll of philosophy and freedom—for the *ardentia verba* of one of the most honest advocates of freedom of the present age, the late serjeant Glynn, on a great occasion, (the action against lord Halifax for the false imprisonment of *mr. Wilkes*), may, with peculiar justice, be applied to this great man—Few men in whole revolving ages can be found, who dare oppose themselves to the force of tyranny, and whose single breasts contain the spirit of nations.

Portrait of general Washington. By the same.

THE marquis having arrived at general Washington's head quarters, was introduced to the American Cincinnatus, of whom he speaks in the following elegant and animated language:

..... Here would be the proper place to give the portrait of general Washington; but what can my testimony add to the idea already formed of him? The continent of North-America, from Boston to
F Charleston,

Charleston, is a great volume, every page of which presents his eulogium. I know, that having had the opportunity of a near inspection, and of closely observing him, some more particular details may be expected from me; but the strongest characteristic of this respectable man, is the perfect union which reigns between the physical and moral qualities which compose the individual: one alone will enable you to judge of all the rest. If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan, or Alexander, on examining their features, you will still be led to ask what was their stature, and the form of their persons: but if you discover, in a heap of ruins, the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured that they all were conformable to those of a god.

Let not this comparison be attributed to enthusiasm! It is not my intention to exaggerate; I wish only to express the impression general Washington has left on my mind—the idea of a perfect whole, which cannot be the product of enthusiasm, which rather would reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness.

Brave without temerity—laborious without ambition—generous without prodigality—noble without pride—virtuous without severity—he seems always to have confined himself within those limits, where the virtues, by clothing themselves in more lively, but more changeable and doubtful colours, may be mistaken for faults. This is the seventh year that he has commanded the army, and that he has obeyed the congress. More need not be said, especially in America, where they know how to appreciate all the merit contained in this simple fact. Let it be repeated that Conde was intrepid, Turenne prudent, Eugene adroit, and Catinet

disinterested. It is not thus that Washington will be characterized. It will be said of him, at the end of a long civil war, he had nothing with which he could reproach himself. If any thing can be more marvellous than such a character, it is the unanimity of the public suffrages in his favour. Soldier, magistrate, people, all love and admire him; all speak of him in terms of tenderness and veneration. Does there then exist a virtue capable of restraining the injustice of mankind; or, are glory and happiness too recently established in America, for envy to have deigned to pass the seas?

In speaking of this perfect whole, of which general Washington furnishes the idea, I have not excluded exterior form. His stature is noble and lofty; he is well made and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such as renders it impossible to speak particularly of any of his features, so that in quitting him, you have only the recollection of a fine face. He has neither a grave nor a familiar air: his brow is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude. Inspiring respect, he inspires confidence, and his smile is always the smile of benevolence.



To the printer.

THY second number was handed to me, in which I found an anonymous publication, on which I desire to make a few simple remarks, without any intention of offending the author or authors.

The piece alluded to is introduced, "The religious imposture, which is intended to be exposed in this essay, is too ridiculous in itself, to merit a moment's attention." Now I, for my part, who have read over the piece, or essay, as they call it, cannot see any religious imposture: for they have, I think, ad-

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duced no proof but hearsay, for all they mentioned. And I perceive they endeavour to throw a veil over their sentiments, by a gloss of wrong constructions, which they have contrived to graft upon it, "That all advice against every evil is superfluous."

This is a wrong conclusion, as will appear from the context: for it is apparently clear that God had raised up Gamaliel in the council to interpose in the apostles' behalf, as before Nicodemus had done in Christ's, making them instruments to preserve them from the rage of their enemies. And to me it is clear, that Gamaliel was influenced by the holy spirit, in giving such good counsel, as advising to take heed in what they did to those men; and this shews clearly how cautious we should be in striving to suppress what we think out of the way, except we have an express warrant for so doing from heaven.

Now, have these writers shewn that they are so qualified? no: from what can be perceived in their writings, the reverse appears; for Gamaliel's advice was so wise and rational that it prevailed on the rulers to desist from their former intentions of putting the apostles to death: but these writers, notwithstanding all the slanderous language propagated against those people (who are absent, as well as those who are present) who do imitate the apostles so far, that they redouble their care and diligence (as I am informed) in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ crucified at Jerusalem; warning and exhorting every one to lay hold of the terms of the gospel, as declared in the scriptures of truth, and that "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, and that none can come to the Father but by him."

Thus they say they religiously profess the same identical Christ, who was born of the virgin, laid in

the manger at Bethlehem, preached and wrought miracles, passed thro' various states in Judea for thirty three years, was mocked, scourged, and crucified between two thieves—as to his manhood—was buried, rose again the third day, and ascended into heaven, from whence he shall come to judge both the quick and the dead.

Thus they abide by their profession, and tho' they are so cruelly derided and condemned, yet they are unwearied in the way they apprehend their duty calls them, in the work of their God, by admonishing people "to cease from doing evil, to learn to do well, in order to escape the wrath to come."

Now these writers, in order to throw an odium on those despised people, introduce a long hearsay of various sentiments respecting one Jemimah Wilkinson, of Rhode-Island, and those above alluded to; yet have advanced no substantial proofs. But, is hearsay sufficient to ground a charge of heresy upon? I say, no; for to me it is clear, that the truths of the christian religion, as are before mentioned, can no more be battered or destroyed by lying invectives, nor can the professors, if grounded on the sure foundation, "Christ in us the hope of glory," be any ways frustrated. However, that the writers may shew their zeal for calumny, they quote ten verses in the 11th chapter of the Revelations, to shew, as they say, the character of two of her attendants. Now, would it not have been more honourable and kind, if either of these writers had first applied for information to the two women friends now in this city, one of whom, they say, is one of the witnesses, in order to be fully satisfied, which might have saved them much trouble as well as censure, in endeavouring to impose on the public a state of facts void of true

true or solid foundation. As to Sarah Richards (one of the witnesses, as these writers say), I have never seen her; but as to the other, James Parker, I have been in conversation with him, and he does not assent to such untruths.

The writers' next paragraph is introduced, but not with that meekness, charity, and delicacy that become those who would wish to be styled christian preachers. They rather with an air of vanity take upon them to delineate thus, "the extraordinary personages above described, according to this fanaticism, are a certain James Parker and Sarah Richards." Now, is not such sneering altogether unbecoming, thus to publish, and as their own, what they have in part taken from hearsay, and from a pamphlet (brought to this city by one of the supposed writers) which had been published in 1783, (I think), at Providence, by one Abner Brownwell, entitled, "enthusiastical errors transpired and detected," who had formerly been a follower of the universal friend (so called), but took an offence, as those writers here have done, not considering the advice of our lord, "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them;" which, had attention been given to his advice, might have prevented these writers introducing them as spectres, saying, "To such of the curious as have never seen those singular people, nor perhaps ever will see them, it may afford some satisfaction to describe their persons. The universal friend, as she is styled, appears to be about thirty years of age;" but after describing her dress, they represent such a strange account of her conduct and behaviour, with so many contradictions, that it is difficult for the reader to know what idea to form of her—as many absurdities or falsehoods could be pointed out, but they scarce-

ly merit attention. As to her dress, I grant it was singular; and perhaps I differ from some others in that respect; as I looked on the particular dress she wore to be providential, as being like a call or proclamation to the people at large, to "come, see, and hear;" but as for her attendants, (as called so with a sneer) the females (outside robe excepted) with the men friends, may safely and with propriety challenge the strictest of friends, or quakers, for decency and plainness.

This short relation, to which much more could be added with great truth, of what passed during her stay the first time, being about three weeks, will carry an evidence that the writers have not been upright in all they have related respecting the universal friend (so called), and therefore we may doubt their sincerity, as they in general produce but hearsay; for that reason, as well as others that might be adduced, it would have well become them to have been cautious in what they advanced. They should have taken Gamaliel's advice, "Let them alone, for if this counsel be of men, it will come to nought;" thereby intimating that every invention or device of man, in things pertaining to God and religion, will in his own time be blatted and destroyed, as was the fruitless fig-tree, notwithstanding its then splendid appearance; but he adds, "If this work be of God, it can never be overcome, but the attempt will be a fighting against God."

As it is probable these publications may come to the hands of persons who may have heard little about those abused people, it is thought proper to give a short account of their first coming here, with a few just and necessary observations.

In the fall of the year 1782, it was rumoured that a singular female preacher with two other women, and four men, as companions, were arrived

arrived in this city, in order, as it was said, to publish and declare the glad tidings of salvation, and that the day of the Lord was near to be revealed. But as the women's dresses were singular or uncommon, it was with difficulty they could procure entertainment; yet at last it was obtained, at a widow's in Elfrith's alley, whose heart and house were open to their reception. Next morning, two friends, who had been at one of their meetings, gave such a report of the awfulness of the solemnity, with the innocent yet majestic appearance of the woman preacher, that they were struck with wonder and amazement by her preaching and praying, which were wholly in the method of friends or quakers. Thus her behaviour, conduct, and appearance soon sounded abroad; and on the succeeding evening an unruly company assembling, it was thought prudent to keep the doors and windows shut, there being apprehension of personal insults from the liberties taken by boys, &c. A dreadful scene of outrage ensued; stones, brick-bats, &c. were thrown against the doors and shutters of the house; which was contrary to the laws of hospitality. However, in a day or two afterwards, leave was granted them to hold a meeting at the methodists' church, where a large concourse of people attended, when the female preacher, after having sat some time in silence, arose, and with an agreeable sweetness and elegance, with propriety addressed the auditory, above one hour, and that in such an awful and powerful manner, declaring the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that numbers were convicted and bowed down under the power of her ministry: and sighs and tears were shed in abundance, many confessing that such preaching and praying (for she concluded with prayer) they had never been acquainted

with, &c. And it is justly to be noted, that as silence was observed before preaching, so it was before prayer: and when finished, she sat in silence for some time, thereby evincing, she looked for direction wholly to God, in order for the help of her spirit, being the one thing needful.

The writers proceed to describe Sarah Richards, one of the witnesses before alluded to, but as I have not seen her, I can just mention that I am informed she is a valuable and amiable woman: but the writers say, "she is remarkable for an infirmity of body, being subject to a particular kind of fits, in which she appears for some time dead; upon her recovery, she pretends she has conversed with the dead: divers relations of this kind have been taken down in writing: the angel Raphael is her guardian angel."

I am surprised to see such men as those writers, who would take upon themselves to be messengers from God, thus to abuse our great master in charging him with afflicting this poor woman with a disorder that obliges her to play the hypocrite, or to overcome her reason so far as to be deluded, and believe she converses with the dead, and has the angel Raphael for her guardian. Who is to blame for all this? Surely none but the Author, (as she is only the instrument). Who is that? Why, according to these writers, no other but the Maker and Former of her nature, who has thus subjected her to such particular kind of fits, which they call idle reveries.

Now, how surprising, again, are the writers of this relation, because, if some people conjecture right, one or both of them are so involved in such reveries, as to make their chief study the writings of an adept* in the science of rant, rapturous fanaticism; one,

NOTE.

* Emanuel Swedenbourg.

one, if we can believe his admirers, who was so impregnated with flux and reflux, as not to wait for the appearance of Raphael or any other angel, because, when called, the whole host (if faith can give way to believe such reveries) were constrained to come, converse, and discover all secrets that he thought fit to have communicated unto him. Thus this writer entertains these credulous admirers.

The curtain being again drawn up, James Parker, the other witness, is brought into view; the writers describe him as "an artful, conceited and illiterate man;" and add, "that as the countenance of a man is sometimes a tell-tale, so those who are skilled in physiognomy, may see in his face the cunning which lies hid in his heart, though varnished over with an apparent candour and freedom in conversation; and as he possesses none of the fire of a divine enthusiast, so neither does he possess that zeal which is necessary to complete the character of an impostor."

These remarks scarcely deserve any reply, otherwise, than what a pity those writers should spend their time in slander, and presume to arrogate to themselves the right that belongs to God, that is, of judging the hearts of men! If these writers are clear of what they have alleged against James Parker, if ever they should have an opportunity of seeing him, let it be manifest which of them can throw the first stone at him.

Philadelphia, February 23, 1787.



Some account of a new manuscript, entitled, Dialogues of the dead.

THIS manuscript was not found in digging the vaults of the new quaker meeting-house; nor was it discovered in a leaden box by the labourers employed in regulating Seventh-street; neither was it wash-

ed out by a flood through the subterraneous aqueducts of the city, into that place of general contribution, the Dock: but it was found, where it might naturally be expected—in the pocket of the author.

Lucian, in ancient, and lord Lytton, in modern times, with many others, wrote dialogues of the dead: and the pious mrs. Rowe established a regular post between the spiritual and temporal kingdoms. Æsop, also, caused birds, beasts, and fishes, to hold familiar conversations, like so many christians, in good decent language. These were bold strokes in literature. But our author outstrips them far. That intelligent beings, under any form of existence, should be capable of a mutual communication of ideas, is not an absurd or improbable supposition. That the brute species, manifestly possessed of ideas, and furnished with at least the apparent organs of speech, might maintain a friendly conversation, is not difficult to conceive. But that dead carcases should utter sentiments, and hold a reciprocal intercourse of ideas, seems to be a shocking violation of the rules of probability. Our author, however, justifies the ground he hath chosen, by a system of philosophy, whimsical and ridiculous enough, of which the principal outlines are these.

He states the position, that whatever exists, hath identity, or that which distinguishes it from another being, however similar. That bodies are sensible of this identity, which is manifested by the resistance they make to any change of form, or to any diminution or addition of substance. That all existing bodies have atmospheres adhering to their superficies; or rather that those atmospheres are parts of the very bodies themselves, expanded and rarified to an imperceptible degree of fineness: so that bodies have, in fact, no palpable

pable outlines. What appears to us, he says, to be the boundary lines of any body, is nothing more than that line of division in its atmosphere, that separates those particles which are gross enough to become the objects of vision, from those which are too refined for that purpose. And therefore he infers, that to no two men does the same object appear of equal magnitude, unless their eyes should be formed exactly alike, and possessed of precisely equal powers. From which he concludes, that no one can certainly say, here this body exists, but there it does not. That these atmospheres, surrounding not only the whole, but every molecule of a body, must ever prevent an actual contact of parts, however closely prest together: and therefore there is not to be found in all nature a truly solid body. That when bodies lie so near each other, that their atmospheres interfere, there must be an actual intercourse of parts between them, of which they are more or less sensible, according to the vigour and activity of their respective atmospheres, and that by a communication of parts, sentiments may be conveyed from one inanimate body to another: especially if their atmospheres have been highly subtilized.

On this hypothesis, our author founds his work, called dialogues of the dead. One of these dialogues is selected as a specimen of his manner. It is the third dialogue of the second book—supposed to pass between the carcases of a dog and a cat, lying in one of the streets of this city.

DIALOGUE III.*

Cat. So, neighbour! you are welcome into our fraternity. Which of

NOTE.

* This piece was written by the hon. Francis Hopkinson, esq. and published at a time when the streets of Philadel-

the street commissioners, pray, ordered you here?

Dog. I know nothing of the street commissioners, nor I. I had got a bad cold, which occasioned a defluxion from my nose. This was soon perceived. The cry of *mad dog* was raised, and the boys knocked me in the head. Street commissioners, indeed! I suppose if one of them should pass this way, he would soon order both you and me into a dung-cart, and pack us off to the commons without delay.

Cat. I perceive you are very ignorant. You seem to know nothing of the late improvements in the police of this city. Don't you know that I lie here by order of the street commissioners, those guardians of the health and convenience of the inhabitants of Philadelphia? And that these streets are regularly supplied with dead cats at a very considerable expence?

Dog. You surprise me much. Pray to what purpose?

Cat. I will inform you. It has been discovered and proved, particularly by a doctor Alexander, of Edinburgh, that filth, nastiness, and corruption, are the only sure preservers of health. He made numberless experiments to ascertain this truth. He procured some of the liquor from a pool near Edinburgh, into which the carcases of dogs, cats, and horses, with the filth of the city, are usually thrown. This he put into a glass—green, viscous, and frothy, as he found it. He took also some fair

NOTE.

phia were shamefully dirty, and full of filth, dead dogs, cats, &c. The consequence was, that in a day or two afterwards, regiments of scavengers, armed with brooms and shovels, were ordered on duty, throughout the city, to the very great relief and satisfaction of the inhabitants.—G.

spring

spring water, and put it into another glass. Two pieces of fresh meat were suspended in these waters, and placed in the same degree of heat. In a few hours, the meat immersed in fair water, began to smell offensive, and soon after became putrescent: whilst the other remained sweet for several days: and being broiled on the coals, made an excellent steak for the curious doctor to regale himself withal. Convinced by this experiment, our commissioners have directed as many earcases and as much filth as possible to be dispersed through the streets of this city. And it is owing to their attention, that there is now no street or alley without at least a reasonable supply of putrescent matter.

Dog. Well!—but I am sure there is a law for cleansing, pitching, and paving the streets of this city, and a pretty heavy tax levied for the purpose. I have heard my master curse and swear bitterly whilst he paid it—pray, what becomes of all that money?

Cat. What becomes of it?—The commissioners pay it away in premiums to boys who kill cats for the supply of this large city. Only consider—there are at this present time, on a very moderate computation, not less than three hundred dead cats lying in our streets and alleys—but, alas! what is a poor cat?—not made of steel—she cannot last for ever—continually run over by wagons laden with cord wood, by drays, carts, coaches, and chairs, and perpetually kicked about by the horses' hoofs—I suppose the oldest and toughest ram cat that can be got, will not wear more than a month—three hundred cats per month make three thousand six hundred, necessary for the annual supply of this city—and these are not to be had gratis. The time is not far off, when the legislature will perceive the necessity of not only passing a law for encouraging the breed, but of allowing a bounty on impor-

tation. Our worthy street commissioners already find cats so scarce, that they are often obliged to put the city to an allowance: but they make up the deficiency by encouraging house-keepers to throw into the streets all the offals of their kitchens; such as guts, garbage, bones, feathers, oyster shells, &c. They allow the soap-boiler to pile up before his door the dregs of his trade, the stinking skimmings of putrid fat, and the *caput mortuum* of a whole winter's firing.

Dog. This system of police is entirely new to me; and I believe not generally understood. I have known many curse the commissioners for the dirtiness of the streets, and pay with grudging a tax, for which, they say, there is no value received.

Cat. Mere effects of ignorance and prejudice! It is now known to the learned, that the volatile salts arising from putrescent substances, are the most powerful antiseptic in nature. It must be owing to the extreme cleanliness of Constantinople, that it is so often visited by the plague: for cleanliness is part of the religion of a Mahometan. The king of Spain once undertook by an arbitrary edict to cleanse the streets of Madrid, by ordering the inhabitants to provide themselves with *necessaries*. But this had well nigh caused an insurrection in that great city: and the physicians, one and all, joined in a remonstrance to the crown, declaring that the health of the inhabitants depended upon having a sufficient quantity of human ordure spread over the streets of Madrid.

Many of the good people who live on the east side of Front-street, between Arch and Market streets, hold the same philosophical creed. Whoever will stroll through that neighbourhood, from ten to twelve o'clock at night, will not fail to see the nymphs rush suddenly out, and pour forth plentiful libations to the gods.

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deſs Cloacina, from their ſacred urns. And whoever walks that way early in the morning, would ſuppoſe that Jupiter, enamoured with the Danaes of that diſtrict, had again deſcended in a golden ſhower. Delicate conſtitutions, ſubject to nervous and hysterical affections, are ſure of finding relief by taking the air of that neighbourhood, and, it is ſaid, that the ſtreet commiſſioners frequently direct their morning walk that way, to procure an appetite for breakfast. Moreover, it is expected, that as the ſeaſon advances, the urinous ſalts will be ſo ſublimed by the long heats of the ſummer ſun, as to generate a natural phoſphorus: in which caſe, that neighbourhood will apply for an exemption from the lamp tax, as an unneceſſary impoſition on that part of the city, whoſe inhabitants, like the frugal fire-fly, can furniſh light from their own tails.

Dog. And is this new doctrine of health the only reaſon why our commiſſioners ſuffer the ſtreets to remain in ſo naſty a condition?

Cat. No: there are even pleaſures and conveniences, as well as advantages, ariſing from it. I ſhall only give you one inſtance. The ſtreets being covered, three inches thick, with ſoft mud, and ſemi-fluid filth, the carriages paſs eaſily and ſilently along, without diſturbſing the ſick by the rattling of their wheels, or jarring the teeth out of the jaws of the riders: as is the caſe in driving over a clean ſtone pavement. Beſides, a coach cannot run far without encountering the body of a cat. The wheels muſt unavoidably break three or four ribs of the carcaſe, and this will afford an agreeable *craſh*, to the great amuſement of the ladies and gentlemen within.

Dog. From what you have ſaid I begin—[at this inſtant a dray laden with a hogſhead of ſugar, came along, and one of the wheels rolled directly over the head of the dog.]

Vol. I. No. III.

Cat.—Ha! ha! ha!—what a curſed figure you make! why your head is as flat as a pancake.

Dog. Yes—that booby, who has gone whiſtling along, little thinks how wonderfully the machine was conſtructed, which he has ſo careleſſly deſtroyed. If all the rational powers of his whole genealogy, could be united in one individual—he would not be able to combine matter to ſuch aſtoniſhing effect, as it was arranged in the little caſket he has now cruſhed to pieces—good God! what work has he made! *cerebrum, cerebellum, pia mater, dura mater, pineal gland, medullary ſubſtance, nerves, lymph, venal and arterial blood, oſtium and perioſtium*, all confounded together. Thanks, however, to bountiful nature, who hath ordained that no derangement of the machine, after what is called death, ſhall occaſion pain.

But I was ſaying—from what you have obſerved, I begin to ſee things in a different light—

Cat. Ha! ha! ha! You may very well ſee things in a different light, truly—why, your eye-balls are turned out of their ſockets into open ſunſhine.

Dog. No matter—let me aſk you—was there not an attempt made to have this city incorporated, with a view to its better government, and for the removal of what are called nuiſances, abuſes, and impoſitions?

Cat. Yes—but the cry of mad dog was raiſed againſt the bill (as in the caſe of your worſhip) and it was knocked in the head.

Dog. Don't you think the thing may yet be attempted with ſucceſs?

Cat. Doubtleſs—provided the principal oppoſer be recommended as mayor; the next in vociferation, recorder; and the reſt, aldermen. For, depend upon it, this is a true republican maxim—“power is a very dangerous weapon: yet, if you will put it into my hands, I ſhall manage it
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with so much lenity and discretion, as to make it a public blessing—but no one else ought to be trusted.”—

Dog. Have you any more to say? for in truth, I grow tired of the subject.

Cat. Only this—it's whispered that the street commissioners hold a monthly feast, at which the principal dish is two large ram-cats smothered in onions. Numbers observed, or might have observed, about three weeks ago, two skinned cats lying in Chestnut-street, near Third-street. These had been prepared for this same love feast: but as the board are very nice in their eating, they were not thought fat enough for their table, and so were thrown into the common stock in the street, and a brace of better fed cats were provided for the entertainment. You grow impatient, or I meant to say something of the Dock, that great ornament of our city—I could also give you a hint of a remarkable revolution in politics, which is now working its way, and will shortly shew itself in open day light—a revolution which—

A carriage passing swiftly along at this instant, ran across the cat, and turned her fairly over, so that the side which had been next to the ground, was now uppermost, which circumstance totally changed the subject of conversation. For, as was before observed, this dialogue was maintained by an interference of atmospheres. Now the volatile particles, which had been for many days sweltering next the earth, were of a very different nature from those which diffused from a surface long exposed to the air, and of course had a very different effect.

Something like this may be observed in animal life. If a man, when he goes to bed, indulges a train of thought, lying on his left side, when he shall turn on his right, the whole

train of thinking vanishes, and he can scarcely, by any efforts of the mind, recover the same thread of cogitation, unless the subject was of a very interesting nature.

So, in dreaming, a change of position of the body never fails to change the whole scenery, in which the imagination had been engaged.

—•••••
On the fear of mad dogs.

WHEN a dread of mad dogs prevails, people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the headle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery, arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their spirit, to shew a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected, was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner, a croud gathers round a dog suspected of madness, and begins by teizing the devoted animal on every side; if he attempts to stand on the defensive and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty; for a mad dog always snaps at every thing; if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for mad dogs always run strait forward.

It is pleasant enough to mark the stages of this fanciful disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a dis-

regarded

regarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, and was thought to be mad, by several that had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipt in the salt water: when the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous, as, how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the father first perceived the infection, by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster: as in stories of ghosts, each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy: so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings some new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened by the barking of a dog; the story spreads that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. In the neighbouring village, the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described with wild eyes, and foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked

me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks, and desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened, as put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, went about upon her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining into the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from a neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer, were no ways injured; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in the hundred was bitten by a mad dog. Such accounts in general therefore only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretend to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and this is probably too large a concession) yet still it is not considered, how many are preserved in their health and their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

A dog, says one of the English poets, is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs. Of all the beasts that

that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power, with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble steadfast dependent, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest, to claim the protection of man! how ungrateful a return to an animal that so truly loves him!



Copy of a letter from the president and supreme executive council of the state of Pennsylvania, to the judges of the supreme court.

In council, Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1785.

Gentlemen,

REGARDING the office we hold as bestowed merely for the purpose of enabling us to contribute to the happiness of the people, and persuaded that you view those held by you in the same light, we do not doubt but you will cheerfully afford your aid in carrying into execution any measures that have a tendency to promote so desirable an end.

In the circuits, you will frequently visit different parts of the state. While the judicial authority is employed in this solemn progress for the punishment of evil doers, we would be glad, that, besides the terror of legal penalties, all the influence to be derived from your characters and the dignity of your stations, might be applied in disseminating most effectually the best principles, and setting forward the most effectual regulations, for the prevention of offences.

You, gentlemen, well know, how vain are laws without manners. These cannot be expected, unless the strictest attention be paid to the education of youth, and the inculcation of a true love and fear of the Supreme Being.

Under other forms of government, the administration may be well conducted, if the chief magistrates only are good: But in republics, where the people themselves are to govern, their virtue is essential to their prosperity.

When the individuals of a society are impressed with a just regard for industry, frugality, temperance, morality and piety, and of course with a proper contempt for habits and dispositions opposed to these qualities, they will rise to that simple, manly, dignified character, that amidst the changes in human affairs most directly tends to ensure their own felicity, and the honour of their country. May infinite mercy grant this to be the choice and condition of Pennsylvania!

It is our earnest wish, that you would be pleased strongly to recommend, in the several counties, the establishment of schools, attendance at places of public worship, provision for ministers of the gospel, and observance of the sabbath.

There are other considerations of much moment, which, as your sentiments will undoubtedly be received with great respect, we desire also to have enforced. These are, the improvement of agriculture, roads and streams, and proper motives for exciting attention to every thing that, by producing local benefits at first, may at length operate in advancing the general welfare.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,
JOHN DICKINSON.

To the honourable chief justice and the other judges of the supreme court.

Elegy on the burning of Fairfield, in Connecticut. Written in 1779, on the spot where that town stood. By col. Humphreys.

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
 Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
 Ye desolated plains, my voice inspire,
 And give soft music to the song of woe.
 How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd sight,
 Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls!
 How oft my bosom beat with pure delight
 At yonder spot where stand the darken'd walls!
 But there the voice of mirth resounds no more;
 A silent sadness thro' the streets prevails:
 The distant main alone is heard to roar,
 And hollow chimnies hum with sullen gales—
 Save where scorch'd elms th' untimely foliage shed,
 Which, rustling, hovers round the faded green—
 Save where, at twilight, mourners frequent tread,
 'Mid recent graves, o'er desolation's scene.
 How chang'd the blissful prospect, when compar'd,
 These glooms funereal, with thy former bloom,
 Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shar'd,
 Long ere he seal'd thy melancholy doom!
 That impious wretch with coward voice decreed,
 Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes, to dust;
 Beheld with sneering smile, the wounded bleed,
 And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood, and lust.
 Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
 To touch his feelings, or to soothe his rage—
 Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
 Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.
 Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
 Or make his deeds survive in glory's page?
 Could Britons seek of savages the fame?
 Or deem it conquest, thus the war to wage?
 Yes: Britons scorn the councils of the skies,
 Extend wide havoc, spurn th' insulted foes;
 Th' insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,
 Resistance growing as the danger grows.
 Red in their wounds, and pointing to the plain,
 The visionary shapes before me stand—
 The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,
 And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.
 Long dusky wreathes of smoke, reluctant driv'n,
 In black'ning volumes, o'er the landscape bend:
 Here the broad splendor blazes high to heav'n,
 There umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.
 In fiery eddies, round the cott'ring walls,
 Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly:
 With frightful crash the burning mansion falls;
 The works of years in glowing embers lie.

H

Tryon,

Tryon, behold thy sanguine flames aspire,
 Clouds ting'd with dies intolerably bright :
 Behold, well pleas'd, the village wrapt in fire,
 Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd sight !
 Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,
 See age and sickness, tremulously flow,
 Creep from the flames—see babes in torture die,
 And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.
 Go, gaze, enraptur'd with the mother's tear,
 The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,
 Where no bold bands can check thy curst career ;
 Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain !
 These be thy triumphs ! this thy boasted fame !
 Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless songs !
 Repeat thro' endless years his hated name,
 Embalm his crimes, and teach the world our wrongs.



Address to the armies of the united states of America.—Written in the year 1782.
By col. Humphreys.

“ *Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque*

“ *Priscus, et neglecta redire virtus*

“ *Audet ; apparetque beata pleno*

“ *Copia cornu.*” —Hor.

“ *Incipient magni procedere menses.*” —Virg.

P R E F A C E.

PERHAPS the following little poem may be considered with the more indulgence by the public, after it is known, that it was actually written, at a period * when the army was in the field, and the author so far engaged in the duties of his profession, as to have but little leisure for subjects of literature or amusement. And it will not be necessary to demonstrate to those who have the least knowledge of a military life, how unfavourable such a state is to poetical contemplation. This, it is presumed, may pertinently be urged in excuse for the slighter errors and inaccuracies of the performance : and the design must, in some measure, atone for any of a different complexion.

To inspire our countrymen now in arms, or who may, hereafter, be called into the field, with perseverance and fortitude, through every species of difficulty and danger, to continue their exertions for the defence of their country, and the preservation of its liberties, is the object of this address.

For this purpose, it was imagined, no considerations could be more effectual than the recollection of the past, and the anticipation of the future. For where is the man to be found, who, after all that has been done and suffered—after such a profusion of blood and treasure has been expended—and such important advantages have been obtained—would basely relinquish and leave unfinished the illustrious task of rearing an empire, which, from its situation and circumstances, must surpass all that have ever existed, in magnitude, felicity, and duration ?

N O T E.

* While the American army was encamped at Peek's-hill, and the enemy occupied the heights of New York and Charleston.

Although

Although the author entertains the most sanguine expectations of the gratitude and liberality, with which the continent will reward those who have literally borne the heat and burden of the day of war—he has not insisted on those pecuniary or slighter considerations; but has attempted to turn the attention to the future grandeur, happiness, and glory of the country for which we are now contending. The lands already granted to the army, first suggested the idea of a military settlement on the Ohio, or some of those western regions, whose beauties can never be sufficiently displayed, much less exaggerated by description. The mild temperature and serenity of the air, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of its products, the extent of territory, and the amazing inland navigation, which those boundless lakes and immeasurable rivers will open—cannot fail, one day, to render that garden of the world equal to the representation given of it, in the conclusion of the poem. The possession of such a country, (rescued from the hand of invasion), in a perfect state of freedom and security, will be a glorious compensation for all our toils and sufferings, and a monument of the most unparalleled bravery and patriotism, to the remotest posterity. Stimulated with the love of glory, allured by these delightful prospects, and animated with the pleasing hope of the speedy fruition of those rapturous scenes—there are thousands who have drawn the sword, with a resolution never to sheath it, until a happy period is put to the contest. For himself, the writer declares, that having already devoted whatever talents and abilities nature has conferred upon him, to the service of his country—no efforts that can be made with his voice, his pen, or his sword, shall ever be wanting to confirm its **LIBERTIES and INDEPENDENCE.**



YE martial bands! Columbia's fairest pride!

To toils inur'd, in dangers often try'd—

Ye gallant youths! whose breasts for glory burn,
Each selfish aim and meaner passion spurn.

Ye who, unmov'd, in the dread hour have stood,

And smil'd, undaunted, in the field of blood—

Who greatly dar'd, at freedom's rapt'rous call,

With her to triumph, or with her to fall—

Now brighter days in prospect swift ascend,

Ye sons of fame, the hallow'd theme attend;

The past review; the future scene explore;

And heav'n's high king with grateful hearts adore.

What time proud Albion, thund'ring o'er the waves,

Frown'd on her sons, and bade them turn to slaves—

When lost to honour, virtue, glory, shame,

When nought remain'd of Britain but the name—

The parent state—a parent now no more—

Let loose the hirelings of despotic pow'r,

Urg'd to keen vengeance their relentless ire,

And hop'd submission from their sword and fire.

As when dark clouds, from Andes' tow'ring head,

Roll down the skies, and round th' horizon spread,

With thunders fraught, the black'ning tempest sails,

And bursts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales:

So broke the storm, on Concord's fatal plain;

There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians slain.

Inglorious

Inglorious deed ! to wild despair then driv'n,
 We, suppliant, made our great appeal to heav'n.
 Then the shrill trumpet echo'd from afar,
 And sudden blaz'd the wailing flame of war ;
 From state to state, swift flew the dire alarms,
 And ardent youths, impetuous, rush'd to arms :
 " To arms," the matrons and the virgins sung,
 To arms, their fires, their husbands, brothers sprung.
 No dull delay—where'er the sound was heard,
 Where the red standards in the air appear'd,
 Where, through vast realms, the cannon swell'd its roar,
 Between th' Acadian and Floridian shore.

Now join'd the crowd, from their far-distant farms,
 In rustic guise, and unadorn'd in arms ;
 Not like their foes, in tinsel trappings gay,
 And burnish'd arms that glitter'd on the day ;
 Who now advanc'd, where Charl'stown rear'd its height,
 In martial pomp, and claim'd the awful fight ;
 And proudly deem'd, with one decisive blow,
 To hurl destruction on the routed foe—
 Not so—just heav'n had fix'd the great decree,
 And bade the sons of freemen still be free ;
 Bade all her souls with patriot ardour burn,
 And taught the coward fear of death to spurn,
 The threats of vengeance and of war to brave,
 To purchase freedom, or a glorious grave.
 Long rag'd the contest on th' embattled field ;
 Nor those would fly, nor these would tamely yield—
 Till Warren fell, in all the boast of arms,
 The pride of genius and unrivall'd charms,
 His country's hope !—full soon the gloom was spread :
 Oppress'd with numbers, and their leader dead,
 Slow from the field the fullen troops retir'd,
 Behind, the hostile flame to heav'n aspir'd.

Th' imperious Britons, on the well-fought ground,
 No cause for joy or wanton triumph found,
 But saw with grief their dreams of conquest vain,
 Felt the deep wounds, and mourn'd their vet'rans slain.

Nor less our woes. Now darkness gather'd round ;
 The thunder rumbled, and the tempest frown'd ;
 When lo ! to guide us thro' the storm of war,
 Beam'd the bright splendor of Virginia's star.
 O first of heroes, fav'rite of the skies,
 To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise !
 " Oh rais'd by heav'n to save th' invaded state !"
 (So spake the sage long since thy future fate)
 'Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life
 For public cares—to guide th' embattled strife—
 Unnumber'd ills of ev'ry kind to dare,
 The winter's blast, the summer's sultry air,
 The lurking dagger, and the turbid storms

Of

Of wasting war, with death in all his forms—
Nor aught could daunt. Unspeakably serene,
Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene,
Then the foe trembled at the well-known name;
And raptur'd thousands to his standard came.
His martial skill our rising armies form'd;
His patriot zeal their generous bosoms warm'd:
His voice inspir'd, his godlike presence led,
The Britons saw, and from his presence fled.
Soon reforc'd from Albion's crowded shore,
New legions came, new plains were drench'd in gore;
And scarce Columbia's arm the fight sustains,
While her best blood gush'd from a thousand veins.
Then thine, O Brown! that purpled wide the ground,
Follow'd the knife through many a ghastly wound,
Ah hapless friend! permit the tender tear
To flow e'en now, for none flow'd on thy bier,
Where cold and mangled under northern skies,
To famish'd wolves a prey thy body lies—
Which erst so fair and tall in youthful grace,
Strength in thy nerves, and beauty in thy face,
Stood like a tow'r, till struck by the swift ball—
Then what avail'd (to ward th' untimely fall)
The force of limbs, the mind so well inform'd,
The taste refin'd, the breast with friendship warm'd,
(That friendship which our earliest years begun)
Or what the laurels that thy sword had won,
When the dark bands from thee, expiring, tore
Thy long hair mingled with the spouting gore?
Nor less, brave Scammel, frown'd thine angry fate,
(May deathless shame that British deed await!)
On York's fam'd field, amid the first alarms,
Ere yet fair vict'ry crown'd the allied arms,
Fell chance betray'd thee to the hostile band,
Then didst thou fall beneath th' assassin hand!
Lo! while I tell the execrable deed,
Fresh in his side the dark wound seems to bleed;
That small red current still for vengeance cries,
And asks, why sleeps the thunder in the skies?
On him, ye heav'ns, let all your vengeance fall,
On the curst wretch who wing'd th' insidious ball.
But thou, blest shade, be sooth'd! be this thy praise,
Ripe were thy virtues, though too few thy days.
Be this thy fame, through life of all approv'd,
To die lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.
And see, far south, where yonder hearse appears,
An army mourning, and a land in tears!
There Laurens, passing to an early tomb,
Looks like a flow'r just with'ring in its bloom.
Thy father's pride, the glory of our host!
Thy country's sorrow, late thy country's boast!

O

O Laurens! gen'rous youth! twice hadst thou bled—
 Could not the ball with devious aim have sped?
 And must thy friends, now peace appears so near,
 Weep the third stroke that cuts a life so dear,
 That blots the prospect of our rising morn,
 And leaves thy country, as thy fire, forlorn?
 Companions lov'd! long as the life-blood flows,
 Or vital warmth in this fond bosom glows,
 While there I cherish your remembrance dear,
 Oft will I drop the tributary tear.

But what avails to trace the fate of war
 Through fields of blood, and point each glorious scar?
 Why should the strain your former woes recall,
 The tears that wept a friend or brother's fall,
 When by your side first in th' advent'rous strife,
 He dauntless rush'd, too prodigal of life?
 Enough of merit has each honour'd name,
 To shine, untarnish'd, on the rolls of fame,
 To stand th' example of each distant age,
 And add new lustre to th' historic page:
 For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shewn
 In breathing bronze, or animated stone,
 Or where the canvas, starting into life,
 Revives the glories of the crimson strife.

Ye sons of genius, who the pencil hold,
 Whose master strokes, beyond description bold,
 Of other years and climes the hist'ry trace,
 Can ye for this neglect your kindred race?
 Columbia calls—her parent voice demands
 More grateful off'rings from your filial hands:
 And soon some bard shall tempt the untry'd themes,
 Sing how we dar'd, in fortune's worst extremes,
 What cruel wrongs th' indignant patriot bore,
 What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,
 What boding terrors gloom'd the threat'ning hour,
 When British legions, arm'd with death-like pow'r,
 Bade desolation mark their crimson'd way,
 And lur'd the savage to his destin'd prey,
 When fierce Germania her battalions pour'd,
 And rapine's sons, with wasting fire and sword,
 Spread death around: where'er your eyes ye turn'd,
 Fled were the peasants, and the village burn'd—
 How did your hearts for others' sufferings melt!
 What tort'ring pangs your bleeding country felt!
 What! when you fled before superior force,
 Each succour lost, and perish'd each resource!
 When nature fainting from the want of food,
 On the pure snow your steps were mark'd in blood!
 When through your tatter'd garbs you met the wind,
 Despair before, and ruin frown'd behind!
 When nought was seen around, but prospects drear,

Th

Th' insulting foe hung dreadful on your rear,
And boastful ween'd, that day to close the scene,
And quench your name, as though it ne'er had been.

Why, Britain! rag'd thine insolence and scorn?
Why burst thy vengeance on the wretch forlorn?
The cheerless captive, to slow death consign'd,
Chill'd with keen frost, in prison glooms confin'd,
Of hope bereft, by thy vile minions curst,
With hunger famish'd, and consum'd with thirst,
Without one friend—when death's last horror stung,
Roll'd the wild eye, and gnaw'd the anguish'd tongue.

Why, Britain! in thine arrogance and pride,
Didst thou heav'n's violated laws deride,
Mock human mis'ry with contemptuous sneers,
And fill thy cup of guilt with orphans' tears?
The widow's wailing, and the wretch's groan,
Rise in remembrance to th' eternal throne,
While the red flame, thro' the broad concave driv'n,
Calls down the vengeance of insulted heav'n.
And didst thou think, by cruelty refin'd,
To damp the ardour of the heav'n-born mind,
With haughty threats to force the daring train
To bow, unnerv'd, in slav'ry's galling chain—
Make countless freemen—then no longer free—
Shrink at thy frown, and bend the servile knee?
And couldst thou dream? then wake, dissolve thy charms,
Rous'd by their wrongs, see desp'rate hosts in arms!
No fear dismays, nor danger's voice appals,
While kindred blood for sacred vengeance calls:
Their swords shall triumph o'er thy vaunted force,
And curb the conqueror in his headlong course.

What spoils of war, thy sons, Columbia, claim'd!
What trophies rose, where thy red ensigns flam'd!
Where the great chief, o'er Del'ware's icy wave,
Led the small band, in danger doubly brave,
On high designs—and ere the dawning hour,
Germania's vet'rans own'd the victor's pow'r;
Or on the muse's plain, where round thy tomb,
O gallant Mercer! deathless laurels bloom;
Or where, anon, in northern fields renown'd,
The tide of slaughter stain'd the sanguine ground,
When the bold freemen, gath'ring from afar,
Foil'd the proud foe, and crush'd the savage war:
On that brave band their country's plaudit waits,
And consecrates to fame the name of Gates.
Nor less the valour of th' impetuous shock,
Which seiz'd the glorious prize on Hudson's rock,
Where Wayne, e'en while he felt the whizzing ball,
Pluck'd the proud standard from the vanquish'd wall.
Now turn your eyes, where southern realms are seen
From ruin rescu'd by th' immortal Greene.

See

See toils of death, where many a hero bleeds,
 Till rapid vict'ry to defeat succeeds,
 On num'rous plains, whose streams, unknown to song,
 Till this great era, roll'd obscure along.
 Their names shall, now, to fame familiar grown,
 Outlast the pile of monumental stone.
 Or see on fair Virginia's strand arise,
 The column pointing to the fav'ring skies,
 Inscib'd with deeds the allied arms have done,
 And grav'd with trophies from Britannia won :
 Here stand the conqu'ring bands : the vanquish'd throng
 Thro' the long lines in silence move along :
 The stars and lillies here in laurels dress—
 And there dark shrouds the banner'd pride invest :
 These twice twelve banners once in pomp unfurl'd,
 Spread death and terror round the southern world :
 In various colours from the staff unroll'd,
 The lion frown'd, the eagle flam'd in gold,
 Hibernia's harp reluctant here was hung,
 And Scotia's thistle there spontaneous sprung :
 These twice twelve flags no more shall be display'd,
 Save in the dome where warlike spoils are laid :
 Since, where the fathers in high council meet,
 This hand has plac'd them prostrate at their feet.

Such are the glories of the allied band !
 And such the dawning hope that cheers our land !
 Since Gallia's fire, high on a throne of state,
 Sublimely good, magnanimously great !
 Protector of the rights of human kind,
 Weigh'd the dread contest in his royal mind,
 And bade his fleets o'er the broad ocean fly,
 To succour realms beneath another sky :
 Since his blest troops, in happiest toils allied,
 Have fought, have bled, have conquer'd by your side :
 The mingl'd gore, in the same trench that flow'd,
 Cements the nations by their heroes' blood.

Yet still, Columbians, see what choice remains,
 Ignoble bondage, and inglorious chains,
 Or all the joys which liberty can give,
 For which you dare to die, or wish to live.
 On the drawn sword, your country's fate depends :
 Your wives, your children, parents, brothers, friends,
 With all the tender charities of life,
 Hang on the issue of the arduous strife.

To bolder deeds, and vict'ry's fierce delights,
 Your country calls, and heav'n itself invites.
 Charm'd by their potent voice, let virtue's flame,
 The sense of honour, and the fear of shame,
 The thirst of praise, and freedom's envied cause,
 The smiles of heroes, and the world's applause,
 Impel each breast, in glory's dread career,

Firm

Firm as your rock-rais'd hills, to persevere.

Now the sixth year of independence smiles,
The glorious meed of all our warlike toils ;
Auspicious pow'r, with thy broad flag unfurl'd,
Shed thy stern influence on our western world !
With thy congenial flame our hearts inspire,
With manly patience, and heroic fire,
The rudest shock of fortune's storm to bear ;
Each ill to suffer ; ev'ry death to dare ;
To rush undaunted in th' advent'rous van,
And meet the Britons, man oppos'd to man ;
With surer aim repel their barb'rous rage ;
Shield the poor orphan, and the white-hair'd sage ;
Defend the matron, and the virgin's charms ;
And vindicate our sacred rights with arms.
This, the great genius of our land requires,
This, the blest shades of our illustrious fires,
This, the brave sons of future years demand,
Chear the faint heart, and nerve the feeble hand ;
This, sacred hope, that points beyond the span,
Which bounds this transitory life of man,
Where glory lures us with her bright renown,
The hero's triumph, and the patriot's crown,
The fair reward to suff'ring virtue giv'n,
Pure robes of bliss, and starry thrones in heav'n.

Chang'd are the scenes. Now fairer prospects rise,
And brighter suns begin to gild our skies,
Th' exhausted foe, his last poor efforts try'd,
Sees nought remain, save impotence and pride :
His golden dreams of fancied conquest o'er,
(And Gallia thund'ring round his native shore,
Iberia aiding with Potosi's mines,
While brave Batavia in the conflict joins)
Reluctant turns, and, deep involv'd in woes,
In other climes, prepares for other foes.

Anon, the horrid sounds of war shall cease,
And all the western world be hush'd in peace :
The martial clarion shall be heard no more,
Nor the loud cannon's desolating roar :
No more our heroes pour the purple flood,
No corse be seen with garments roll'd in blood ;
No shiv'ring wretch shall roam without a shed ;
No pining orphans raise their cry for bread ;
No tender mother shriek at dreams of woe,
Start from her sleep, and see the midnight foe ;
The lovely virgin, and the hoary fire,
No more behold the village flame aspire,
While the base spoiler, from a father's arms,
Plucks the fair flow'r, and riots on its charms.

E'en now, from half the threaten'd horrors freed,
See from our shores the less'ning sails recede :

See the red flags, that, to the wind unfurl'd,
Wav'd in proud triumph round the vanquish'd world,
Inglorious fly : and see their haggard crew,
Despair, rage, shame, and infamy pursue.

Hail, heav'n-born peace ! thy grateful blessings pour
On this glad land, and round the peopled shore :
'Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,
Propitious days, and festive nights serene ;
With thee gay pleasure frolics o'er the plain,
And smiling plenty leads thy prosp'rous train.

Then oh, my friends ! the task of glory done,
Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won—
Your country's saviours, by her voice confess'd,
While unhorn ages rise and call your blest—
Then let us go where happier climes invite,
To midland seas and regions of delight ;
With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies ;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride ;
Where all that beauty's hand can form to please,
Shall crown the toils of war, with rural ease,
The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murm'ring rills,
The soft repose amid the noon-tide bow'rs,
The evening walk along the blushing flow'rs,
The fragrant groves that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom,
Await you there : and heav'n shall bless the toil,
Your own the produce, as your own the soil.

No tyrant lord shall grasp a thousand farms,
Curse the mild clime, and spoil its fairest charms,
No blast severe your rip'ning fields deform,
No vollied hail-stones, and no driving storm,
No raging murrain on your cattle seize,
And nature sicken with the dire disease.
But golden years, anew, begin their reigns,
And cloudless sun-shine gild salubrious plains.
Herbs, fruits, and flow'rs shall clothe th' uncultur'd field,
Nectareous juice, the vine and orchard yield,
Rich dulcet creams the copious goblets fill,
Delicious honey from the trees distill ;
The garden smile, spontaneous harvests spring,
The woodlands warble, and the vallies sing.

Along the meads, or near the shady groves,
There sport the flocks, there feed the fatt'ning droves ;
There strays the steed, through bloomy vales afar,
Who erst mov'd lofty in the ranks of war.

There free from envy, cank'ring care, and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life :

There

There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast,
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.
From house to house the social glee extends,
For friends in war, in peace are doubly friends :
Their children taught to emulate their fires,
Catch the warm glow, and feel the kindred fires,
Till by degrees the mingling joys improve,
Grow with their years, and ripen into love :
Nor long the blushing pair in secret sigh,
And drink sweet poison from the love-sick eye ;
Blest be their lot ! when in his eager arms
Th' enamour'd youth folds the fair virgin's charms,
On her ripe lip imprints the burning kiss,
And seals with hallow'd rites the nuptial bliss.
Then festal sports the ev'ning hours prolong ;
The mazy dance, and the sweet warbling song :
Then each endearment wakes the ravish'd sense
To pure delights, and raptures most intense :
And the pleas'd parent tells his list'ning son,
What wond'rous deeds by him, in youth, were done.
No fights of woe, no tort'ring fears annoy
The sweet sensations of the heart-felt joy :
Nor shall the savages of murd'rous soul,
In painted bands dark to the combat roll,
With midnight orgies, by the gloomy shade,
On the pale victim point the reeking blade ;
Or cause the hamlet, lull'd in deep repose,
No more to wake, or wake to ceaseless woes :
For your strong arm the guarded land secures,
And freedom, glory, happiness, are yours.
So shall you flourish in unfading prime,
Each age refining thro' the reign of time ;
A nobler offspring crown the fond embrace,
A band of heroes, and a patriot race :
Not by soft luxury's too dainty food,
Their minds contaminated with their blood :
But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,
By freedom nurtur'd, and by temp'rance fed ;
Healthful and strong, they turn'd the virgin foil,
The untam'd forest bow'd beneath their toil :
At early dawn, they fought the mountain chace,
Or rous'd the Indian from his lurking place ;
Curb'd the mad fury of those barb'rous men,
Or dragg'd the wild beast struggling from his den :
To all the vigour of that pristine race,
New charms are added, and superior grace.
Then cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
With gilded domes, and ev'ry art of peace.
Then cultivation shall extend his pow'r,
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flow'r ;

Make

Make the fair villa in full splendors smile,
 And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
 Then shall rich commerce court the fav'ring gales,
 And wond'ring wilds admire the passing sails,
 Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
 Where wild Ontario rolls the whit'ning wave,
 Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
 And Mississippi laves th' extended shores.

Then oh, blest land! with genius unconfin'd,
 With polish'd manners, and th' illumin'd mind,
 Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,
 Each science trace, and all the arts explore;
 Till bright religion, beck'ning to the skies,
 Shall bid thy sons to endless glories rise.

As round thy clime celestial joy extends,
 Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp ascends;
 Farther and farther still, thy blessings roll,
 To southern oceans and the northern pole;
 Where now the thorn, or tangled thicket grows,
 The wilderness shall blossom as the rose,
 Unbounded deserts unknown charms assume,
 Like Salem flourish, and like Eden bloom.

And oh, may heav'n, when all our toils are past,
 Crown with such happiness our days at last:
 So rise our sons, like our great fires of old,
 In freedom's cause, unconquerably bold;
 With spotless faith, and morals pure, their name
 Spread thro' the world, and gain immortal fame.

And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,
 Before whose nod, the nations rise and fall,
 Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms,
 On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms:
 Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
 The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.



*A poem on the happiness of America, addressed to the citizens of the united states
 Written by col. Humphreys.*

ARGUMENT.

THE characters to whom the poem is addressed, and the subject of it—peace—
 dissolution of the army—general Washington's farewell, advice, and retire-
 ment—apostrophe to him—the happiness of the Americans, considered as a free
 and agricultural people—articles which contribute to their felicity, during the dif-
 ferent seasons—winter's amusements, which produce a digression, concerning the late
 war, and the author—the pleasures which succeeded the horrors of war—invooca-
 tion to connubial love—description of the female sex and character, marriage and do-
 mestic life in America—the present state of society there—the face of the country at
 and since the period of its discovery—the pleasant prospects exhibited by the progress
 of agriculture and population—eulogy of agriculture—address to congress—the ge-
 nius of the western world invoked to accelerate our improvements—a treaty of com-
 merce proposed with Great Britain—superior advantages for a marine—America
 called

called upon to employ her sons on discoveries, in the carrying trade, fishing, and whaling—commerce—interrupted by the Algerines—sensation produced by it in the Americans—invocation for powers of expression to excite them to revenge—a view of the miseries of the prisoners, which terminates in an anathema on the perpetrators of such cruelties—friends of the captives and ruined merchants, how affected—exhortation to arm, unless an equitable peace can be obtained—apostrophe to the tributary powers—resolution to be taken by us—our resources hinted, from a glance at the late war—Great Britain and Algiers contrasted—prayer to the Supreme Being—an army raised—preparations for war—a navy formed—naval combat with the corsairs—their defeat—their woe—the utter destruction of their country—return and rejoicings of the victors—a prospect.

OH happy people, ye to whom is giv'n
A land enrich'd with sweetest dews of heav'n !
Ye, who possess Columbia's virgin prime,
In harvests blest of ev'ry soil and clime !
Ye happy mortals, whom propitious fate
Reserv'd for actors on a stage so great !
Sons worthy fires of venerable name,
Heirs of their virtue and immortal fame ;
Heirs of their rights, still better understood,
Declar'd in thunder, and confirm'd in blood :
Ye chosen race, your happiness I sing,
With all the joys the cherub peace can bring,
When your tall fleets shall lift their starry pride,
And sail triumphant o'er the bill'wy tide.
The song begins where all our bliss began,
What time th' Almighty check'd the wrath of man,
Distill'd, in bleeding wounds, the balm of peace,
And bade the rage of mortal discord cease.
Then foes, grown friends, from toils of slaughter breath'd,
Then war-worn troops their blood-stain'd weapons sheath'd ;
Then our great chief to Vernon's shades withdrew,
And thus, to parting hosts, pronounc'd adieu :
" Farewell to public care, to public life :
" Now peace invites me from the deathful strife.
" And oh my country, may'st thou ne'er forget
" Thy bands victorious, and thy honest debt !
" If aught, which proves to me thy freedom dear,
" Gives me a claim to speak, thy sons shall hear :
" On them I call—Compatriots dear and brave,
" Deep in your breasts these warning truths engrave :
" To guard your sacred rights—be just ! be wise !
" Thence flow your blessings, there your glory lies.
" Beware the seeds whence civil war proceeds ;
" Fly mean suspicions ; spurn inglorious deeds ;
" Shun fell corruption's pestilential breath,
" To states the cause and harbinger of death.
" Fly dissipation, in whose vortex whirl'd,
" Sink the proud nations of the elder world.
" Avoid

" Avoid the hidden snares that pleasure spreads,
 " To seize and chain you in her silken threads; 40
 " Let not the lust of gold nor pow'r enthrall;
 " Nor list to wild ambition's frantic call:
 " Stop, stop your ears to discord's curst alarms,
 " Which, rousing, drive a mad'ning world to arms:
 " But learn, from others' woes, sweet peace to prize, 45
 " To know your bliss, and where your treasure lies—
 " Within the compass of your little farms,
 " Lodg'd in your breasts, or folded in your arms:
 " Blest in your clime, beyond all nations blest,
 " Whom oceans guard, and boundless wilds invest. 50
 " Nor yet neglect the native force which grows,
 " Your shield from insult, and your wall from foes:
 " But early train your youth, by mimic fights,
 " To stand the guardians of their country's rights.
 " By honour rul'd, with honesty your guide, 55
 " Be that your bulwark, and be this your pride:
 " Increase the fed'ral ties: support the laws:
 " Guard public faith: revere religion's cause.
 " Thus rise to greatness—by experience find,
 " Who live the best, are greatest of mankind. 60
 " And ye, my faithful friends (for thus I name
 " My fellow lab'ers in the field of fame)
 " Ye, who for freedom nobly shed your blood,
 " Dy'd ev'ry plain, and purpl'd ev'ry flood, 64
 " Where havoc heap'd of arms and men the wreck,
 " From Georgia's stream to walls of proud Quebec;
 " To these stern toils the peaceful scene succeeds,
 " The eyes of nations watch your future deeds.
 " Go aft, as citizens, in life's retreat, 69
 " Your parts as well, and make your fame complete:
 " 'Tis our's, for ever, from this hour to part.
 " Accept th' effusions of a grateful heart!
 " Where'er you go, may milder fates pursue.
 " Receive my warmest thanks, my last adieu!" 74

THE HERO spoke. An awful pause ensu'd:
 Each eye was red, each face with tears bedew'd:
 As if the pulse of life suspended stood,
 An unknown horror chill'd the curdling blood:
 Their arms were lock'd: their cheeks irriguous met,
 By thy soft trickling dews, affection! wet. 80
 Words past all utt'rance mock'd the idle tongue,
 While petrified in final gaze they clung.

The bands retiring, sought their ancient farms,
 With laurels crown'd—receiv'd with open arms.
 Now citizens, they form no sep'rate class, 85
 But spread, commixing, thro' the gen'ral mass:
 Congenial metals, thus, by chymic flame,
 Dissolve, assimilate, and grow the same.

Sword^s

Swords turn'd to shares, and war to rural toil,
 The men, who sav'd, now cultivate the soil. 90
 In no heroic age, since time began,
 Appear'd so great the majesty of man.

His task complete, before the fires august,
 The hero stood, and render'd up his trust.
 But who shall dare describe that act supreme, 95
 And fire his numbers with the glowing theme?
 Who sing, though aided with immortal pow'rs,
 The towns in raptures, and the roads in flow'rs,
 Where'er he pass'd? what monarch ever knew
 Such acclamations, bursts of joy so true? 100
 What scenes I saw! how oft, surpris'd, I felt
 Thro' streaming eyes, my heart, dilated, melt!
 Scenes that no words, no colours can display,
 No sculptur'd marble, and no living-lay:
 Yet shall these scenes impress my mem'ry still, 105
 Nor less the festal hours of Vernon's hill;
 Nor that sad moment when 'twas mine to part,
 As the last heart string severs from the heart.

"Adieu," I cried, "to Vernon's shades, adieu;
 "The vessel waits—I see the beck'ning crew— 110
 "Me now to foreign climes new duties guide,
 "O'er the vast desert of th' Atlantic tide.
 "'Tis thine, blest sage, while distant thunders roll,
 "Unmov'd thy calm serenity of soul, 114
 "'Tis thine, whose triumphs bade the combat cease,
 "To prove how glorious are the works of peace;
 "To lure rich commerce* up thy native bay;
 "Make freighted barks beyond the mountains stray;
 "Make inland seas through op'ning channels glide;
 "Monongahela wed Potowmac's tide: 120
 "New states, exulting, see the flitting sails
 "Waft joy and plenty round the peopled vales."

All former empires rose, the work of guilt,
 On conquest, blood, or usurpation built: 124
 But we, taught wisdom by their woes and crimes,
 Fraught with their lore, and born to better times,
 Our constitutions form'd on freedom's base,
 Which all the blessings of all lands embrace;
 Embrace humanity's extended cause,
 A world our empire, for a world our laws. 130
 Thrice happy race! how blest were freedom's heirs,
 Blest if they knew what happiness is theirs,
 Blest if they knew, to them alone 'tis giv'n

NOTE.

* General Washington is actually occupied in opening the falls of Potowmac and James' Rivers, the noble object of which is to extend the navigation through the interior parts of America. Posterity will judge whether this is not one of the great works of peace worthy the consistency and dignity of his character.

To know no sov'reign but the law and heav'n!
 That law for them, and Albion's realms alone, 135
 On sacred justice elevates her throne;
 Regards the poor; the fatherless protects;
 The widow shields; the proud oppressor checks!
 Blest if they knew, beneath umbrageous trees,
 To prize the joys of innocence and ease, 140
 Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and rest,
 And the calm sunshine of the conscious breast.
 For them, the spring his annual task resumes,
 Invests in verdure, and adorns in blooms
 Earth's parent lap, and all her wanton bow'rs, 145
 In foliage fair, with aromatic flow'rs.
 Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,
 And winnow blossoms from each floating spray:
 In bursting buds the embryo fruits appear,
 The hope and glory of the rip'ning year! 150
 The mead that courts the scythe, the pastur'd vale,
 And garden'd lawn, their breathing sweets exhale.
 On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,
 And floats the odours of a thousand groves.
 For them, young summer sheds a brighter day, 155
 Matures the germ with his prolific ray;
 With prospects cheers, demands more stubborn toil,
 And pays their efforts from the grateful soil.
 The lofty maize its ears luxuriant yields;
 The yellow harvests gild the laughing fields, 160
 Extend o'er all th' interminable plain,
 And wave in grandeur like the boundless main.
 For them, the flock o'er green savannahs feeds:
 For them, high prancing, bound the playful steeds:
 For them, the heifers graze sequester'd dales, 165
 Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails:
 To them, what time the hoary frosts draw near,
 Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year.
 To nature's sons, how fair th' autumnal ev'n,
 The fading landscape, and impurpl'd heav'n, 170
 As from their fields they take their homeward way,
 And turn to catch the sun's departing ray!
 What streaming splendors up the skies are roll'd,
 Whose colours beggar Tyrian dyes and gold! 174
 *Till night's dun curtains, wide o'er all display'd,
 Shroud shad'wy shapes in melancholy shade.
 Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform:
 And, wrapt in vapour, comes the roaring storm,
 With snows surcharg'd, from tops of mountains falls,
 Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales. 180
 Then desolation strips the faded plains:
 Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns:
 The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,
 And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air,

Nor

Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come, 185
But find them happy and content with home ;
Their gran'ries fill'd—the task of culture past—
Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast,
With patt'ring rain and snow, or driving sleet,
Rave idly loud, and at their window beat : 190
Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
In vain the tempest rattles at the door—
The tame brutes shelter'd, and the feather'd brood
From them, more provident, demand their food.
'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed 195
The ox laborious, and the noble steed :
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To strow with litter, and to fence from cold.
The cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within—
At setting day the blissful hours begin : 200
'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot ;
Hears with the crackling blaze, that lights the wall,
The voice of gladness, and of nature call,
Beholds his children play, their mother smile, 205
And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.
From stormy heav'ns, the mantling clouds unroll'd,
The sky is bright, the air serenely cold.
The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,
For months entire o'er frozen regions blows : 210
Man braves his blast, his gelid breath inhales,
And feels more vig'rous as the frost prevails.
Th' obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,
Yields a smooth crystal to the flying steed.
'Tis then full oft, in arts of love untry'd, 215
The am'rous stripling courts his future bride ;
And oft, beneath the broad moon's paler day,
The village pairs ascend the rapid sleigh ;
With jocund sounds impel th' enliven'd steed—
Say ye, who know their joys, the lulling speed, 220
At ev'ry bridge the tributary kifs,
Can courtly balls exceed their rustic blifs ?
But diff'rent ages diff'rent joys inspire,
Where friendly circles croud the social fire : 224
For there the neighbours, gath'ring round the hearth,
Indulge in tales, news, politics, and mirth ;
Nor need we fear th' exhausted fund should fail,
While garrulous old age prolongs the tale.
There some old warrior, grown a village sage, 229
Whose locks are whiten'd with the frosts of age,
While life's low burning lamp renews its light,
With tales heroic shall beguile the night ;
Shall tell of battles fought, of feats achiev'd,
And suff'rings ne'er by human heart conceiv'd ;

K

Shall

Shall tell th' adventures of his early life, 235
 And bring to view the fields of mortal strife;
 What time the matin trump to battle sings,
 And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,
 While down the line the drum, with thund'ring sound,
 Wakes the bold soldier, slumb'ring on the ground;
 Alarm'd, he starts; then sudden joins his band, 241
 Who, rang'd beneath the well-known banner, stand:
 Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurl'd,
 Bid one great soul pervade a moving world;
 Then martial music's all-inspiring breath, 245
 With dulcet symphonies, leads on to death;
 Lights in each breast the living beam of fame;
 Kindles the spark; and fans the kindled flame:
 Then meets the stedfast eye, the splendid charms
 Of prancing steeds, of plumed troops and arms: 250
 Reflected sun-beams, dazzling, gild afar
 The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war;
 Then thick as hail-stones, from an angry sky,
 In vollied show'rs, the bolts of vengeance fly;
 Unnumber'd deaths, promiscuous, ride the air, 255
 While, swift descending, with a frightful glare,
 The big bomb bursts; the fragments scatter'd round,
 Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.
 Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks:
 Troops strive with troops; ranks, bending, press on ranks;
 O'er slipp'ry plains, the struggling legions reel;
 Then livid lead and Bayonne's glitt'ring steel,
 With dark-red wounds their mangled bosoms bore;
 While furious couriers, snorting foam and gore,
 Bear wild their riders o'er the carnag'd plain, 265
 And, falling, roll them headlong on the slain.
 To ranks consum'd, another rank succeeds;
 Fresh victims fall; afresh the battle bleeds;
 And nought of blood can staunch the open'd sluice,
 Till night, o'ershad'wing, brings a grateful truce.
 Thus will the vet'ran tell the tale of wars, 271
 Disclose his breast, to count his glorious scars;
 In mute amazement hold the list'ning swains;
 Make freezing horror creep thro' all their veins;
 Or oft, at freedom's name, their souls inspire 275
 With patriot ardour and heroic fire.
 I too, perhaps, should heav'n prolong my date,
 The oft-repeated tale shall oft relate;
 Shall tell the feelings in the first alarms,
 Of some bold enterprize th' unequall'd charms; 280
 Shall tell from whom I learnt the martial art,
 With what high chiefs I play'd my early part,
 With Parsons first, whose eye, with piercing ken,
 Reads thro' their hearts the characters of men;
 Then

Then how I aided, in the foll'wing scene, 285
Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—
Then how great Washington my youth approv'd,
In rank prefer'd, and as a parent lov'd,
(For each fine feeling in his bosom blends
The first of heroes, sages, patriots, friends) 290
With him what hours on warlike plans I spent,
Beneath the shadow of th' imperial tent;
With him how oft I went the nightly round,
Thro' moving hosts, or slept on tented ground;
From him how oft (nor far below the first 295
In high behests and confidential trust)
From him how oft I bore the dread commands,
Which destin'd for the fight the eager bands;
With him how oft I past th' eventful day,
Rode by his side, as down the long array 300
His awful voice the columns taught to form,
To point the thunders, and to pour the storm.
But, thanks to heav'n! those days of blood are o'er,
The trumpet's clangor, the loud cannon's roar:
No more advance the long extended lines, 305
Front form'd to front—no more the battle joins
With rushing shock—th' unsufferable sound
Rends not the skies—nor blood distains the ground—
Nor spread thro' peaceful villages afar,
The crimson flames of desolating war. 310
No more this hand, since happier days succeed,
Waves the bright blade, or reins the fiery steed.
No more for martial fame this bosom burns,
Now white-rob'd peace to bless a world returns;
Now soft'ring freedom all her bliss bestows, 315
Unnumber'd blessings for unnumber'd woes.
Revolving seasons thus by turns invite
To rural joys and conjugal delight—
Oh thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects
In heav'n's own ties, the strong and feeble sex! 320
Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
All nature feels thy pow'r. The vocal grove
With air-borne melody awakes to love;
To love the holdest tenants of the sky, 325
To love the little birds, extatic, fly;
To love submit the monsters of the main,
And ev'ry beast that haunts the desert plain:
But man alone the brightest flame inspires,
A spark enkindled from celestial fires. 330
Hail, hallow'd wedlock! purest, happiest state,
Thy untry'd raptures let my song relate:
Give me, ere long, thy mysteries to prove,
And taste, as well as sing, the sweets of love!

Ye blooming daughters of the western world,
 Whose graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,
 Whose limbs of symmetry, and snowy breast,
 Allure to love, in simple neatness dress;
 Beneath the veil of modesty, who hide
 The boast of nature and of virgin pride— 340
 (For beauty needs no meretricious art
 To find a passage to the op'ning heart)
 Oh make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,
 My song immortal by your charms inspir'd.

Tho' lavish nature sheds each various grace, 345
 That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
 Though health, with innocence, and glee, the while,
 Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile—
 Tho' mid the lilly's white unfolds the rose,
 As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows, 350

Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,
 Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush,
 What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
 First feels of love the palpitating starts, 354
 Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
 Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—

Though sweet their lips, their features more than fair—
 Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair

Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
 While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms; 360

Yet something still beyond th' exterior form,
 With goodness fraught, with animation warm,
 Inspires their actions; dignifies their mien;
 Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each scene.

'Tis those perfections of superior kind, 365
 The moral beauties which adorn the mind;

'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,
 In words of truth and kindness on their tongue,

'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
 And calls the loveliness of beauty forth: 370

'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
 Like vernal sun-beams round æthereal skies;

Bright emanations of the spotless soul,
 Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!

Here the fair sex an equal honour claims, 375
 Wakes chaste desire, nor burns with lawless flames:

No eastern manners, here, consign the charms
 Of beauteous slaves to some loath'd master's arms:

No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was sold
 By parents base, for mercenary gold; 380

Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
 To live dishonour'd, or with hunger die.

Here, uncontroul'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,
 The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,

While

While mutual passions in their bosoms glow, 385
While soft confessions in their kisses flow,
While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.
Nor here the wedded fair in splendor vie,
To shine the idols of the public eye; 390
Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,
In balls and masquerades, in plays and games;
Each home felt bliss exchange'd for foreign sports,
A round of pleasures, or th' intrigues of courts;
Nor seek of government to guide the plan, 395
And wrest his bold prerogatives from man.
What though not form'd in affectation's school,
Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,
Or practice all the little arts of guile— 400
What though not taught the use of female arms,
Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
Like some fine garnish'd heads—th' exterior fair,
In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair:
Yet theirs are pleasures of a diff'rent kind, 405
Delights at home, more useful, more refin'd:
Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,
With hospitable cares and modest ease:
Their youthful taste, improv'd by finer arts, 409
Their minds embellish'd, and refin'd their hearts—
'Tis theirs to act, in still sequester'd life,
The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife:
What nameless grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
To soothe their partners, and divide their cares,
Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath, 415
And light a smile on the wan cheek of death!
No feudal ties the rising genius mar,
Compel to servile toils, or drag to war;
But, free, each youth his fav'rite course pursues,
The plough paternal, or the sylvan muse. 420
For here exists, once more, th' Arcadian scene,
Those simple manners, and that golden mean:
Here holds society its middle stage,
Between too rude and too refin'd an age;
Far from that age, when not a gleam of light 425
The dismal darkness cheer'd, of gothic night
From brutal rudeness of that savage state—
As from refinements which o'erwhelm the great,
Those dissipations which their bliss annoy,
And blast and poison each domestic joy. 430
What tho' for us, the pageantry of kings,
Crowns, thrones, and sceptres, are superfluous things;
What tho' we lack the gaudy pomp that waits
On eastern monarchs, or despotic states;
Yet

Yet well we spare what realms despotic feel, 435
Oppression's scourge, and persecution's wheel.

What tho' no splendid spoils of other times
Invite the curious to these western climes;
No virtuoso, with fantastic aim,
Here hunts the shadow of departed fame : 440

No piles of rubbish his attention call,
Nor mystic obelisk, or storied wall :
No ruin'd statues claim the long research ;
No sliding columns and no crumbling arch ;
Inscriptions, half effac'd, and falsely read, 445

Or cumbrous relics of th' unletter'd dead :
Yet here I rove untrodden scenes among,
Catch inspiration for my rising song ;
See nature's grandeur awfully unfold, 449

And, rapt in thought, her works sublime behold :
For here vast wilds, which human foot ne'er trod,
Are mark'd with footsteps of a present God ;
His forming hand, on nature's broadest scale,
O'er mountains mountains pil'd, and scoop'd the vale ;
Made sea-like streams in deeper channels run, 455

And roll'd thro' brighter heav'ns his genial sun.
In vain, of day that rolling, lucid eye
Look'd down in mildness from the smiling sky ;
In vain, the germe of vegetation lay,
And pin'd in shades, secluded from the day ; 460

In vain, this theatre for man so fair,
Spread all its charms for beasts or birds of air ;
Or savage tribes, who, wand'ring through the wood,
From beasts and birds obtain'd precarious food :
'Till great Columbus rose, and, led by heav'n, 465

Call'd worlds to view, beneath the skirts of ev'n.
Rise, daring muse, with bolder flight explore
The heav'nly wonders for these climes in store :
Sing nature lab'ring with her latest birth,
And a new empire rising on the earth ! 470

Now other scenes in these blest climes prevail :
The sounds of population fill the gale :
'The dreary wastes, by mighty toils reclaim'd,
Deep marshes drain'd, wild woods and thickets tam'd ;
Now fair Columbia, child of heav'n, is seen 475

In flow'r of youth, and robes of lovely green,
Than virgin fairer, on her bridal morn,
Whom all the graces, all the loves adorn.

Here planters find a ceaseless source of charms
In clearing fields, and adding farms to farms : 480

'Tis independence prompts their daily toil,
And calls forth beauties from the desert soil :
What untry'd pleasure fills each raptur'd sense,
When sturdy toil, thro' darken'd wilds immense,

First

First pours the day-beams on the op'ning glade, 485
And glebes embrown'd with everlasting shade!
Here equal fortunes, ease, the ground their own,
Augment their numbers with increase unknown.
Here hamlets grow. Here Europe's pilgrims come
From vassal'd woes to find a quiet home. 490
The eye no view of waning cities meets,
Of mould'ring domes, of narrow, fetid streets;
Of grey-hair'd wretches, who ne'er own'd a shed,
And beggars dying for the want of bread:
But oft, in transport, round th' horizon roves, 495
O'er mountains, vallies, towns, and stately groves;
Then dwells, best pleas'd, on cultivated plains,
Steeds, flocks, and herds, commix'd with lab'ring swains.
Hail, agriculture! by whose parent aid,
The deep foundations of our states are laid; 500
The seeds of greatness by thy hand are sown;
These shall mature with thee and time alone:
But still conduct us on thy sober plan,
Great source of wealth, and earliest friend of man.
Ye rev'rend fathers! props of freedom's cause,
Who rear'd an empire by your sapient laws, 506
With blest example give this lesson weight,
"That toil and virtue make a nation great!"
Then shall your names reach earth's remotest clime,
Rise high as heav'n, and brave the rage of time—
His list'ning sons the fire shall oft remind, 511
What parent sages first in congress join'd:
The faithful Hancock grac'd that early scene,
Great Washington appear'd in godlike mien,
Jay, Laurens, Clinton, skill'd in ruling men, 515
And he, who, earlier, held the farmer's pen.
'Twas Lee, illustrious, at the fathers' head,
The daring way to independence led.
The self-taught Sherman urg'd his reasons clear,
And all the Livingstons, to freedom dear: 520
What countless names in fair procession throng,
With Rutledge, Johnson, Nash, demand the song!
And chiefly ye, of human kind the friends,
On whose high task my humbler toil attends,
Ye who, uniting realms in leagues of peace, 525
The sum of human happiness increase!
Adams, the sage, a patriot from his youth,
Whose deeds are honour, and whose voice is truth;
Undying Franklin, from the hill of fame,
Who bids the thunders spread his awful name; 530
And Jefferson, whose mind with space extends,
Each science woos, all knowledge comprehends,
Whose patriot deeds and elevated views
Demand the tribute of a loftier muse:—

Tho'

Tho' Randolph, Hofmer, Hanson sleep in death,
 Still these great patriots draw the vital breath : 536
 And can a nation fail in peace to thrive,
 Where such strong talents, such high worth survive ?
 Rous'd at the thought, by vast ideas fir'd,
 His breast enraptur'd, and his tongue inspir'd, 540
 Another * bard, in conscious genius bold,
 Now sings the new world happier than the old.
 Great genius of our world, assert our fame,
 In other bards awake the dormant flame !
 Bid vivid colours into being start, 545
 Men grow immortal by the plastic art !
 Bid columns swell, stupendous arches bend,
 Proud cities rise, aerial spires ascend !
 Bid music's pow'r the pangs of woe assuage !
 With nobler views inspire th' enlighten'd age ! 550
 In freedom's voice pour all thy bolder charms,
 Till reason supercede the force of arms,
 Till peaceful streamers in each gale shall play,
 From orient morning to descending day.
 In mortal breasts shall hate immortal last ? 555
 Albion ! Columbia ! soon forget the past !
 In friendly intercourse your int'rests blend !
 From common fires your gallant sons descend ;
 From free-born fires in toils of empire brave—
 'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds ye gave. 560
 Let those be friends, whom kindred blood allies,
 With language, laws', religion's holiest ties !
 Yes, mighty Albion ! scorning low intrigues,
 With young Columbia form commercial leagues.
 So shall mankind, thro' endless years, admire 565
 More potent realms than Carthage leagu'd with Tyre.
 Where lives the nation fraught with such resource,
 Such vast materials for a naval force ?
 Where grow so ripe, the iron, masts, and spars,
 The hemp, the timber, and the daring tars ? 570
 Where gallant youths, inur'd to heat and cold,
 Thro' ev'ry zone, more hardy, strong, and bold ?
 Let other climes of other produce boast :
 Let gold, let di'monds grow on India's coast :
 Let flaming suns from arid plains exhale 575
 The spicy odours of Arabia's gale :
 Let fragrant shrubs, that bloom in regions calm,
 Perfumes expiring, bleed ambrosial balm :
 Let olives flourish in Hesperia's soil,
 Ananas ripen in each tropic isle : 580
 Let Gallia gladden in her clust'ring vines :
 Let Spain exult in her Peruvian mines :

NOTE.

* Mr. Barlow, author of the vision of Columbus.

Let

Let plains of Barb'ry boast the gen'rous steed,
Far-fam'd for beauty, strength, and matchless speed ;
But men, Columbia, be thy fairer growth, 585
Men of firm nerves, who spurn at fear and sloth,
Men of high courage, like their fires of old,
In labour patient, as in danger bold !

Then wake, Columbia ! daughter of the skies,
Awake to glory, and to greatness rise ! 590
Arise and spread thy virgin charms abroad,
Thou last, thou fairest offspring of a God ;
Extend thy view where future blessings lie,
And ope new prospects for th' enraptur'd eye !
See a new era on this globe begun, 595
And circling years in brighter orbits run !
See the fair dawn of universal peace,
When hell-born discord thro' the world shall cease !
Commence the task assign'd by heav'n's decree,
From pirate rage to vindicate the sea ! 600

Bid thy live oaks, in southern climes that grow,
And pines that shade the northern mountain's brow,
In mighty pomp descending on the main,
With sails expanded, sweep the watry plain :
Thy rising stars in unknown skies display, 605
And bound thy labours with the walks of day.

Bid from the shore a philanthropic band,
The torch of science glowing in their hand,
O'er trackless waves extend their daring toils,
To find and bless a thousand peopled isles ; 610
Not lur'd to blood by domination's lust,
The pride of conquest, or of gold the thirst ;
Not arm'd by impious zeal with burning brands,
To scatter flames and ruin round their strands ;
Bid them to wilder'd men new lights impart, 615
Heav'n's noblest gifts, with ev'ry useful art.

Bid thy young sons, whom toil for glory forms,
New skill acquiring, learn to brave the storms,
To ev'ry region thy glad harvest bear—
Where happy nations breathe a milder air ; 620
Or where the natives feel the scorching ray,
And pant and faint beneath a flood of day ;
Or thro' those seas where mounts of ice arise,
Th' eternal growth of hyperborean skies,
Where feeble rayless suns obliquely roll, 625
Or one long night invests the frozen pole.

Then bid thy northern train who draw the line,
In ocean's caverns find a richer mine,
Than fam'd Potosi's or Golconda's ore,
Or all the treasures of the Asian shore. 630
Bid them with hooks delusive ply the flood,
And feed whole kingdoms with the finny brood.

L

And

And bid thy youths, whose brawny limbs are strung
 For bolder toils—pursue those toils unsung—
 Pursue thro' foreign seas, with vent'rous sail, 635
 The dreadful combat of th' enormous whale :
 Lo where he comes, the foaming billows rise !
 See spouted torrents cloud the misty skies ;
 See in the skiff the bold harpooner stand,
 The murd'ring iron in his skilful hand ; 640
 From him alone th' attentive youths await
 A joyful vict'ry, or a mournful fate :
 His meas'ring eye the distance now explores,
 His voice now checks, and now impels the oars :
 The panting crew a solemn silence keep, 645
 Stillness and horror hover o'er the deep ;
 Now nigh he kens a vulnerable part,
 And hurls with deadly aim the barbed dart ;
 The wounded monster plunging through th' abyss,
 Makes uncoil'd cords in boiling waters hiss— 650
 And oft the boat, drawn headlong down the wave,
 Leads trembling seamen to their wat'ry grave ;
 And oft, when rising on his back upborne,
 Is dash'd on high, in countless pieces torn.
 But now afar see ocean's monarch rise, 655
 O'er troubled billows see how fast he flies,
 And drags the feeble skiff along the flood,
 Lash'd into foam, and colour'd red with blood !
 At length subsides the elemental strife,
 His rage exhausted with his ebbing life ; 660
 As tow'rs a rock on some sky-circled plain,
 So looms his carcase o'er the dusky main.
 Elate, the victors urge the added toil,
 Extract the bone, and fill their ship with oil. 664
 Fraught with the germe of wealth, our seamen roam
 To foreign marts, and bring new treasures home ;
 From either Ind' and Europe's happier shore,
 Th' assembled produce crouds the merchant's store :
 From east to west the fruits and spices sweet
 On our full boards in rich profusion meet ; 670
 Canary isles their luscious vintage join ;
 In crystal goblets flows the amber wine ;
 European artists send their midnight toil
 For crude materials of our virgin soil ;
 For us, in tissue of the filken loom, 675
 The lilacs blush, the damask roses bloom ;
 For us in distant mines the metals grow,
 Prolific source of pleasure, care, and woe !
 Ne'er may our sons for heaps of useless wealth,
 Exchange the joys of freedom, peace, or health, 680
 But make ev'n riches to their weal conduce,
 And prize their splendor by their public use !

'Tis

'Tis thus our youth, thro' various climes afar,
From toils of peace obtain the nerves of war—
But what dark prospect interrupts our joy? 685
What arm presumptuous dares our trade annoy?
Great God! the rovers who insult thy waves,
Have seiz'd our ships, and made our freemen slaves;
And hark! the cries of that disastrous band 689
Float o'er the main, and reach Columbia's strand—
The wild alarm from ocean spreads around,
And circling echoes propagate the sound,
From smooth Saluda, fed with silver rills,
Up the Blue-ridge, o'er Alleganean hills;
To where Niagara tremendous roars, 695
As o'er white-sheeted rocks his torrent pours,
The dreadful cataract whole regions shakes
Of boundless woods and congregated lakes!
To farthest Kennebeck, adown whose tide,
The future ships, unfashion'd, monstrous glide, 700
On whose rough banks, where stood the savage den,
The axe is heard and busy hum of men—
But hark! their labours and their accents cease,
A warning voice has interdicted peace,
Has spread thro' cities, gain'd remotest farms, 705
And fir'd th' indignant states with new alarms:
The sickly flame in ev'ry bosom burns,
Like gloomy torches in sepulchral urns.

Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius? why
Seest thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie?
And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame? 711
'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame—
To you, my dearest friends! the task belongs,
To rouse your country with heroic songs;
For me, tho' glowing with conceptions warm, 715
I find no equal words to give them form:
Pent in my breast, the mad'ning tempest raves,
Like prison'd fires in Etna's burning caves:
For me why will no thund'ring numbers roll?
Why, niggard language, dost thou balk my soul! 720
Come thou sweet feeling of another's woe,
That mak'st the heart to melt, the eye to flow!
Come thou, keen feeling, liveliest sense of wrong!
Aid indignation and inspire my song!
Teach me the woes of slavery to paint, 725
Beneath whose weight our captur'd freemen faint!
Teach me in shades of Stygian night to trace,
In characters of hell the pirate race!
Teach me, prophetic, to disclose their doom,
A new-born nation trampling on their tomb! 730
What mortal terrors all my senses seize,
Possess my heart, and life's warm current freeze?
Why

Why grow my eyes with thick suffusions dim ?
 What visionary forms before me swim ? 734
 Where am I ? Heav'n's ! what mean these dol'rous cries ?
 And what these horrid scenes that round me rise ?
 Heard ye the groans, those messengers of pain ?
 Heard ye the clanking of the captive's chain ?
 Heard ye your free-born sons their fate deplore,
 Pale in their chains, and lab'ring at the oar ? 740
 Saw ye the dungeon, in whose blackest cell,
 That house of woe, your friends, your children dwell ?
 Or saw ye those, who dread the tort'ring hour,
 Crush'd by the rigors of a tyrant's pow'r ?
 Saw ye the shrinking slave, th' uplifted lash, 745
 The frowning butcher, and the red'ning gash ?
 Saw ye the fresh blood where it bubbling broke,
 From purple scars, beneath the griding stroke ?
 Saw ye the naked limbs, with'd to and fro,
 In wild contortions of convulsing woe ? 750
 Felt ye the blood, with pangs alternate roll'd,
 Thrill thro' your veins, and freeze with death-like cold,
 Or fire, as down the tear of pity stole,
 Your manly breasts, and harrow up the soul ?
 Some guardian pow'r in mercy intervene, 755
 Hide from my dizzy eyes the cruel scene !
 Oh stop the shrieks, that tear my tortur'd ear !
 Ye visions, vanish ! dungeons, disappear !
 Ye fetters, burst ! ye monsters fierce, avaunt !
 Infernal furies on those monsters haunt ! 760
 Pursue the foot-steps of that miscreant crew,
 Pursue in flames, with hell-born rage pursue !
 Shed such dire curses as all ut't'rance mock,
 Whose plagues astonish, and whose horrors shock !
 Great maledictions of eternal wrath, 765
 Which, like heav'n's vial'd vengeance, singe and scathe !
 Transfix with scorpion stings the callous heart !
 Make blood-shot eye-balls from their sockets start !
 For balm, pour brimstone in their wounded soul ;
 Then ope, perdition, and ingulf them whole ! 770
 How long will heav'n restrain its bursting ire,
 Nor rain blue tempests of devouring fire ?
 How long shall widows weep their sons in vain,
 The prop of years in slav'ry's iron chain !
 How long the love-sick maid, unheeded, rove 775
 The sounding shore, and call her absent love ;
 With wasting tears and sighs his lot bewail,
 And seem to see him in each coming sail ?
 How long the merchant turn his failing eyes,
 In desperation, on the seas and skies, 780
 And ask his captur'd ships, his ravish'd goods,
 With frantic ravings, of the heav'n's and floods ?
 How

How long, Columbians dear! will ye complain
Of these curst insults on the open main?
In timid sloth shall injur'd brav'ry sleep? 785
Awake! awake! avengers of the deep!
Revenge! revenge! the voice of nature cries:
Awake to glory, and to vengeance rise!
To arms! to arms! ye bold indignant bands!
'Tis heav'n inspires; 'tis God himself commands.
Save human nature from such deadly harms, 791
By force of reason, or by force of arms.

O ye great pow'rs, who passports basely crave,
From Afric's lords, to sail the midland wave—
Great fallen pow'rs, whose gems and golden bribes
Buy paltry passports from these savage tribes— 796
Ye whose fine purples, silks, and stuffs of gold,
(An annual tribute) their dark limbs infold—
Ye whose mean policy for them equips,
To plague mankind, the predatory ships— 800
Why will ye buy your infamy so dear?
Is it self-int'rest, or a dastard fear?
Is it because ye meanly think to gain
A richer commerce on th' infested main?
Is it because ye meanly wish to see 805
Your rivals chain'd, yourselves ignobly free?
Who gave commission to these monsters fierce,
To hold in chains the humbled universe?
Would God, would nature, would their conqu'ring swords,
Without your meanness, make them ocean's lords?
What! Do ye fear? nor dare their pow'r provoke?
Would not that bubble burst beneath your stroke? 812
And shall the weak remains of barb'rous rage,
Insulting, triumph o'er th' enlighten'd age?
Do ye not feel confusion, horror, shame, 815
To bear a hateful, tributary name?
Will ye not aid to wipe the foul disgrace,
And break the fetters from the human race?

Then, though unaided by these mighty pow'rs,
Ours be the toil; the danger, glory ours: 820
Then, O my friends, by heav'n ordain'd to free,
From tyrant rage, the long-infested sea—
Then let us firm, though solitary, stand,
The sword, and olive-branch in either hand:
An equal peace propose with reason's voice, 825
Or rush to arms, if arms should be their choice.

Stung by their crimes, can aught your vengeance stay?
Can terror daunt you? or can death dismay?
The soul enrag'd, can threats, can tortures tame,
Or the dank dungeon quench th' etherial flame? 830
Have ye not once to heav'n's dread throne appeal'd,
And has not heav'n your independence seal'd?

What

What was the pow'r ye dar'd that time engage,
 And brave the terrors of its hostile rage?
 Was it not Britain, great in warlike toils, 835
 The first of nations, as the queen of isles—
 Britain, whose fleets, that rul'd the briny surge,
 Made navies tremble to its utmost verge,
 Whose single arm held half the world at odds,
 Great nurse of sages, bards, and demigods! 840
 But what are these whose threatnings round you burst?
 Of men the dregs, the feeblest, vilest, worst;
 These are the pirates from the Barb'ry strand,
 Audacious miscreants, fierce, yet feeble band!
 Who, impious, dare (no provocation giv'n) 845
 Insult the rights of man—the laws of heav'n!
 Wilt thou not rise, oh God, to plead our cause,
 Assert thine honour, and defend thy laws!
 Wilt thou not bend thine awful throne to hear
 The pris'ner's cry, and stop the falling tear? 850
 Wilt thou not strike the guilty race with dread,
 On impious realms thy tenfold fury shed!
 Oh thou Most High, be innocence thy care,
 Oh make thy red right arm of vengeance bare,
 Resume in wrath the thunders thou hast hurl'd, 855
 To blight the tenants of the nether world!
 Thou God of hosts, our stedfast councils guide,
 Lead forth our arms, and crush the sons of pride!
 But hark! the trumps, as if by whirlwinds blown,
 Sound from cold Lawrence to the burning zone! 860
 Thy cause, humanity, that swells their breath,
 Wakes in each bosom cool contempt of death—
 By rumbling drums from distant regions call'd,
 Men, scorning pirate rage, start unappall'd;
 With eye-balls flaming, cheeks of crimson flush, 865
 From rice-green fields, and fir-clad mountains rush,
 High mettled youth—unus'd to fights of slain,
 Of hostile navies, or the stormy main—
 Enrag'd, they leave unfinish'd furrows far,
 To dare the deep, and toil in fields of war: 870
 From dreams of peace, stern-visag'd yet'rans wake,
 Their rattling arms, with grasp indignant, shake;
 Those arms, their pride, their country's gift, what day
 To independence they had op'd the way;
 Frowning wide ruin, terrible they rise, 875
 Like battling thunders bursting from the skies.
 From Erie's inland vales, unnam'd in song,
 In native fierceness pour the hunter throng;
 Beneath their rapid march realms roll behind; 879
 Their uncomb'd locks loose floating on the wind;
 Coarse their worn garbs—they place their only pride
 In the dread rifle, oft in battle tried.

With

With aim unbalk'd, whose leaden vengeance sings,
Sure as the dart the king of terrors flings :
So erst, brave Morgan, thy bold hunters sped— 885
Such light-arm'd youths the gallant Fayette led,
Ere Steuben brought the Prussian lore from far,
Or Knox created all the stores of war.

Thro' tented fields impatient ardour spreads—
Rous'd by the tramp the couriers rear their heads,
Snuff in the tainted gale the sulph'rous grain, 891
Responsive neigh, and prance the wide champaign.

Now preparation forms the gleaming blade ;
In moulds capacious pond'rous deaths are made :
In crowded docks th' incessant labour glows ; 895
The tool resounds—the wond'rous structure grows—
Propp'd on the stocks, stupendous navies stand,
Raise their huge bulks, and darken all the strand ;
Till tow'ring fleets from diff'rent harbours join'd,
Float on the pinions of the fav'ring wind ; 900
Tall groves of masts, like mountain forests, rise ;
Wav'd high in air, the crimson streamer flies :

To prosp'rous gales the canvas wide unfurl'd
Bears the rous'd vengeance round the watry world :
See ! ocean whitens with innum'rous sails ; 905
Be still, ye storms ! breathe soft, ye friendly gales !
See ! where Columbia's mighty squadron runs
To climes illum'd by other stars and suns ;
Gains the deep streight, ascends the midland wave,
Of ancient fleets th' unfathomable grave ! 910

When freedom's ardent chiefs, with eager eye,
Dim thro' the midst the corsair force descry ;
Their cloudlike sails hang in the distant heav'n,
Like shad'wy vapours of ascending ev'n—
Here o'er the topmast, flames th' imperial star, 915
There the red crescent leads the coming war.

Th' obstructions clear'd—obliquely on the gales—
With open ports—half-furl'd the flapping sails—
Near and more near, athwart the bill'wy tide,
In terrors arm'd, the floating bulwarks glide ; 920
Tier pil'd o'er tier, the sleeping thunder lies,
Anon to rend the shudd'ring main and skies.

Ere yet they shut the narrow space between,
Begins the prelude of a bloodier scene—
With sudden touch, deep-throated engines roar, 925
Pierce heav'n's blue vault, and dash the waves to shore ;
Then mad'ning billows mock the fearful sound,
While o'er their surface globes of iron bound ;
Unknown concussions rolling o'er their heads,
Far fly the monsters round their coral beds. 930

The battle closes—fiercer fights begin—
And hollow hulls reverberate the din :

The

The green waves blacken as the tempest lours,
 Chain bolts and langrage rain in dreadful show'rs ;
 Ship lock'd to ship, hangs o'er the foaming flood,
 The black sides wrapt in flame, the decks in blood :
 From both the lines now smoke, now flames aspire,
 Now clouds they roll, now gleam a ridge of fire :
 On hostile prows, Columbia's heroes stand,
 Conqu'ring 'mid death, or dying sword in hand : 940
 Promiscuous cries, with shouts confus'dly drown'd,
 In the wild uproar, swell the dol'rous sound :
 And nought distinct is heard, and nought is seen,
 Where wreaths of vapour hov'ring intervene,
 Save when black grains expand imprison'd air, 945
 The thunders wake, and shoot a livid glare :
 Then ghastly forms are seen by transient gleams,
 The dead and wounded drench'd in purple streams.

Now helmless ships in devious routes are driv'n,
 The cordage torn, the masts to atoms riv'n : 250
 Now here they glow with curling waves of fire,
 In one explosion total crews expire.
 Here barks relinquish'd, burnt to ocean's brink,
 Half veil'd in crimson clouds begin to sink.
 With men submerg'd, there frailer fragments float,
 Here yawning gulfs absorb th' o'erloaded boat : 956
 There red-hot balls, that graze the waters, hiss,
 And plunge the gallies down the dread abyss.
 Here shatter'd limbs—there garments dipt in blood,
 With mingling crimson stain the foughten flood, 960
 While Afric's pirates, shrinking from the day,
 By terror urg'd, drag wounded hulks away.

As when two adverse storms, impetuous driv'n,
 From east and west, sail up the azure heav'n,
 In flaming fields of day together run, 965
 Explode their fires, and blot with night the sun—
 The eastern cloud, its flames expir'd at last,
 Flies from the lightning of the western blast :
 So fled the corsair line the blighting stroke
 Of freedom's thunder—so their battle broke— 970
 As if by heav'n's own arm subdu'd at length,
 Their courage perish'd, wither'd all their strength.

Oh—then let vict'ry stimulate the chase,
 To free from shameful chains the human race,
 To drive these pirates from th' insulted waves, 975
 To ope their dungeons to despairing slaves,
 To snatch from impious hands and break the rod,
 Which erst defac'd the likeness of a God :
 Then seize th' occasion, call the furious gales,
 Crack bending oars, stretch wide inflated sails ; 980
 On rapid wings of wind the tempest bear,
 Make death's deep tubes with lurid lightnings glare ;
 Like

Like evanescent mists, dispel their hosts,
And with destruction's besom sweep their coasts.

Woe to proud Algiers; to your princes woe! 985

Your pride is falling, with your youths laid low—

Woe to ye people, woe, distress, and fears!

Your hour is come to drink the cup of tears:

A ghastly paleness gathers on your cheeks, 989

While mem'ry haunts your ears with captive shrieks;

Then stifled conscience wak'ning dares to cry,

"Think on your crimson crimes, despair, and die."—

Then ruin comes, with fire, and sword, and blood:

And men shall ask, where once your cities stood?

'Tis done! Behold th' uncheary prospects rise; 995

Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprise:

The heav'n's with sable clouds are overcast,

And death-like sounds ride on the hollow blast—

The rank grass rustling to the passing gale:

Ev'n now of men the cheerful voices fail— 1000

No busy marts appear, no crowded ports,

No rural dances, and no splendid courts;

In halls, so late with feasts, with music crown'd,

No revels sport, nor mirthful cymbals sound.

Fastidious pomp! how are thy pageants fled! 1005

How sleep the fallen in their lowly bed!

Their cultur'd fields to desolation turn'd,

The buildings levell'd, and th' enclosures burn'd.

Where the fair garden bloom'd, the thorn succeeds,

'Mid noxious brambles and envenom'd weeds. 1010

O'er fallow plains, no vagrant flocks are seen,

To print with tracks, or crop the dewy green.

The Plague, where thousands felt his mortal stings,

In vacant air his shafts promiscuous flings;

Here walks in darkness, thirsting still for gore, 1015

And raves, unsated, round the desert shore—

The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,

Alone are prowl'd by animals of death.

Here tawny lions guard their gory den;

There birds of prey usurp the haunts of men; 1020

Thro' dreary wilds, a mournful echo calls,

From mould'ring tow'rs and desolated walls.

Where the wan light thro' broken windows gleams,

The fox looks out, the boding raven screams;

While trembling travellers in wild amaze, 1025

On wrecks of state, and piles of ruin, gaze.

The direful signs, which mark the day of doom,

Shall scarcely scatter such portentous gloom—

When, rock'd the ground, convuls'd each roaring flood,

The stars shall fall, the sun be turn'd to blood, 1030

The globe itself dissolve in fluid fire,

Time be no more, and man's whole race expire.

Thus hath thy hand, great God! thro' ev'ry age,

M

When

When ripe for ruin, pour'd on man thy rage :
 So didst thou 'erit on Babylon let fall 1035
 The plagues thy hand inscrib'd upon the wall :
 So didst thou give Sidonia's sons for food,
 To cowering eagles, drunk with human blood ;
 Seal in thy wrath imperial Salem's doom,
 And sweep her millions to a common tomb. 1040

But let us turn from objects that disgust,
 The ghosts of empires and of men accurst :
 Turn we from sights that pain the feeling breast,
 To where new nations populate the west :
 For there, anon, shall new auroras rise, 1045
 And, streaming, brighten up th' Atlantic skies,
 Back on the solar path, with living ray,
 Heav'n's own pure splendors pour a tide of day.

And lo ! successful from heroic toils,
 With glory cover'd, and enrich'd with spoils, 1050
 With garlands waving o'er these spoils of war,
 The pomp preceded by th' imperial star,
 'Mid shouts of joy, from liberated slaves,
 In triumph ride th' avengers of the waves.
 And see they gain Columbia's happy strand, 1055
 Where anxious crowds in expectation stand.
 See raptur'd nations hail the kindred race,
 And court the heroes to their fond embrace :
 In fond embraces strain'd, the captive clings,
 And feels and looks unutterable things. 1060

See there the widow finds her darling son,
 See in each others' arms the lovers run,
 With joy tumultuous their swoll'n bosoms glow,
 And one short moment pays for years of woe !
 When grateful sports and festal songs proclaim 1065
 Their joys domestic, and their distant fame.

Then glorious days, by hallow'd bards foretold,
 Shall far surpass the fabled age of gold,
 The human mind its noblest pow'rs display,
 And knowledge, rising to meridian day, 1070
 Shine like the lib'ral sun ; th' illumin'd youths
 By fair discussion find immortal truths.

Why turns th' horizon red ? the dawn is near :
 Infants of light, ye harbingers appear !
 With ten-fold brightness gild the happier age, 1075
 And light the actors o'er a broader stage !
 This drama closing—ere th' approaching end,
 See heav'n's perennial year to earth descend.
 Then wake, Columbians ! fav'rites of the skies,
 Awake to glory, and to rapture rise ! 1080
 Behold the dawn of your ascending fame,
 Illume the nations with a purer flame ;
 Progressive splendors spread o'er ev'ry clime !
 Then rapt in visions of unfolding time,

Pierce

Pierce midnight clouds that hide his dark abyss, 1085
And see, in embryo, scenes of future bliss!
See days and months and years there roll in night,
While age succeeding age ascends to light,
Till your blest offspring, countless as the stars,
In open ocean quench the torch of wars ; 1090
With god-like aim, in one firm union bind,
The common good and int'rest of mankind ;
Unbar the gates of commerce for their race,
And build the gen'ral peace on freedom's broadest base.

To the ladies.—The distinction.

THE shape alone let others prize,
Or features of the fair ;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air,
A damask cheek, a snowy arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win ;
Give me the animated form,
That speaks the mind within.
A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.
'These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses fade,

Lines, address'd to a coquette.

IF Mira has promis'd her hand or her heart,
Say why can she wish to conceal it ?
I think I can see through the veil of each art,
And pardon me, if I reveal it.
By nature she's blest'd with each charm of her sex,
By pride quickly taught to perceive it ;
By vanity urg'd both to please and perplex—
To torture a heart, not relieve it.
Tho' int'rest and custom compel the dear maid
To bless but one man with her charms,
Yet nature has given a heart, I'm afraid,
That could wish all the sex in her arms.
A passion so boundless—a temper so gay,—
A person so form'd for each pleasure,
To one man alone too much joy would convey—
'T would be hoarding too weighty a treasure. R.

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